

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A NOBLE WORD FROM FRANCE

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SHE WHO OVERCAME

HELEN KELLER'S GREAT DAY

A Rousing Welcome She Could
Neither See Nor Hear

BLIND AND DEAF BUT TRIUMPHANT

Somebody once said that the two most interesting people of the nineteenth century were Napoleon and Helen Keller. We do not agree, but it is interesting. Napoleon tried to conquer the world by force and failed. Helen Keller tried to win the world by mind and succeeded.

That was over thirty years ago, and since then Helen Keller has never gone back. She is still hard at work, cheerfully conquering mountain after mountain of trouble.

One of the happiest days of her happy life came to her a little while ago when London gave this American conqueror, blind, deaf, and once dumb, an unforgettable reception at Queen's Hall.

Enjoying Themselves

Behind the platform sat a crowd of people with the same infirmities, who seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as Dr Keller as she now is, for she has received a university degree.

The quick fingers of their friends were hard at work interpreting to them in a kind of shorthand the speeches and events of the programme, which ended in a demonstration of folk-dancing and physical drill given by deaf-and-dumb boys and girls.

For these people it was also an inspiration, perhaps a turning-point in their lives, to come in contact with one who had made a long and valiant fight against almost insuperable difficulties and had emerged victorious.

Dr Helen Keller seemed to be having a thoroughly good time. She laughed and cracked jokes with those who sat near her, and her wonderfully expressive face and hands were never for a moment still. She seemed much like everybody else, and wore a pretty hat trimmed with roses. It was almost impossible to believe that she could neither see nor hear anything of this great welcome London was giving her. But by means of the shorthand her interpreter tapped on her fingers she was able to understand everything.

The Cheery Blind V.C.

Sir Beachcroft Towse, the blind V.C., was in the chair, and he made an inspiring speech. If you cannot conquer blindness, he said, blindness will conquer you. The thoughts of some in the audience went back to the war, when his active figure used to be seen every day in the hospital wards of Boulogne and Wimereux. He had a cheery word for every patient, and he took down thousands of letters for those who were too

Keeping Cool in Bushey Park



Who, in the heat wave that has passed over us all in the last few days, would not envy these three keeping cool in Bushey Park?

severely wounded or gassed to handle a pen. Then in the evenings he would type them out at his house in Wimereux, and post them to all parts of the world.

Lady Astor also paid a tribute to Helen Keller. "She has brought light to those who sit in darkness," she said, "and proved that man is spiritual, not material. I am not in the least sorry for Helen Keller; I should almost say I envy her," added Lady Astor, who went on to speak of her keen intellect, her delightful sense of humour, and her interest in social and political and literary matters.

Then came the event of the afternoon, for Dr Keller made a speech. Although her pronunciation was strange (the word London, for instance, being Lonn-donn), several of her sentences could be understood, and these were spoken slowly after her by one of her devoted instructors.

"Many of humanity's best achievements," said Dr Keller, "have been by those handicapped by some physi-

cal disablement. John Richard Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moved along, not only by the mighty shoves of the heroes, but by the accumulated tiny pushes of every honest worker."

Mrs Macy, Helen Keller's early instructor, then told the audience how she first saw her pupil when she was six. She was a wild, destructive little creature, and nobody could control her bursts of temper, but in a very short time all this was changed.

Mrs Macy put a new doll into her arms, and made the letters DOLL on her small hand over and over again until she could spell it herself. In a month Helen Keller had succeeded in learning thirty words.

Since then she has made her way through the world of darkness into the realms of light; she has conquered ignorance and despair and risen triumphant over all.

Well does she know that she that overcometh shall inherit all things.

GEORGE WASHINGTON STEPS UP AGAIN

STILL THE FIRST PRESIDENT

Where the Little Known John
Hanson Stands

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Who was the first President of the United States?

For long the world has believed that the honour belongs to George Washington, but recently claims have been made on behalf of John Hanson, as mentioned in the C.N. a short time ago. Dr Edmund C. Burnett, of the Historical Research Division of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, now enters the field on behalf of George Washington.

John Hanson was undoubtedly the first to be chosen for the definite term of one year as President of the complete Continental Congress or, as it became, the United States in Congress Assembled. That was on November 5, 1781.

The Articles of Confederation

The Continental Congress was composed of delegates from each State, and although Congress was in existence from 1774 to 1789 it was not until March 1, 1781, that John Hanson and Daniel Carroll, delegates from Maryland, appended their signatures to the Articles of Confederation on behalf of their State.

Thus, according to the official Journal of Congress, was the Confederation of the United States completed.

At the time the President of Congress was Samuel Huntington. In the following July, however, he relinquished office on the ground of ill-health, and on July 9 Samuel Johnston of North Carolina was chosen as his successor. Johnston would not stand, and on the following day Thomas McKean of Delaware was chosen President.

Thus after the Confederation was completed there were actually two Presidents of Congress before John Hanson took office for the full period of a year.

Status of the President

But, as Dr Burnett points out, no President of the Continental Congress was ever President of the United States because no such office existed until it was created by the Federal Constitution, framed in 1787 and adopted in 1788.

Dr Burnett further points out that the President of Congress was merely a presiding officer and a member of the body over which he presided. The President of the United States is, however almost solely an executive officer; he is not a member of the national legislature; and his contacts with the national legislative body, the Congress of the United States, are of a limited character.

So it seems, after all, that George Washington, the Father of his country, was also its first President.

A MOVEMENT QUIETLY SPREADING

THE NEW OXFORD SPIRIT

Making Its Influence Known
Among Men

A POWERFUL GROUP OF PEOPLE

The other day an astonishing thing (and a good thing) happened in London.

Somebody had suggested that a luncheon should be held at which leaders in our public life might hear at first hand of the Oxford Group and its solution for modern problems.

Not many days notice of the event had been given, but in that very short time more than 300 tickets were sold. This is the way the Oxford Group gets things done.

People of all classes and opinions, M.P.s., Mayfair debutantes, clergy, authors, business men, and social workers, met and discussed the great new revival of the human spirit, the silent religious revolution which, regardless of sect, is working today not only in our own country, but in many other parts of the world.

Something the World Needs

There were speeches of arresting interest after the luncheon. "This movement is something that the world needs," declared Canon Grensted, who is professor of Religious Philosophy at Oxford. "It is bringing a new spirit into every department of life and is working directly through those who have to solve world problems. It is a movement of beginnings with no policy save loyalty, love, honesty, and the readiness to go out whenever it catches glimpses of a better world and to try to make them true."

Sir Lynden Macassey, the chairman, spoke of the power at the command of the Oxford Group and of the marvellous work it is achieving.

One of the best works the movement is doing is to break down the stupid barriers between black and white people. Already its influence is being felt in South Africa and America. There is more friendliness between British and Boer farmers because of the new spirit which is working changes in the world. Nothing ever stops with the Oxford Movement. It always goes on growing. Everywhere critical situations are being solved by this change of attitude, and countless jealousies and resentments are being broken down and swept away.

Lip Service and Life Service

Two years after the Armistice the Oxford Movement was started at Cambridge through the suggestion of two Anglican bishops in China. It was Dr Frank Buchman who set it in motion. In the following year the influence of this sincere and vital Christianity, not of lip service but of life service, spread to Oxford. In South Africa the Press gave the name of the Oxford Group to some men who were spreading the knowledge of its aims, and by this name the movement has been known ever since.

The luncheon was such a success that others are to be held in Geneva and Paris, and we hope the knowledge of the New Oxford Movement will spread and its influence become worldwide, for it is one of the most powerful quiet movements in the world.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

17th-cent. Beauvais tapestry	£840
Henry VIII table desk	£462
16th-cent. Brussels tapestry	£378
Statue by Thorwaldsen	£357
A Chinese screen	£315
A small jade bowl	£283
Dürer engraving	£140
2nd ed. Merchant of Venice	£112
Rembrandt etching	£82

LAUSANNE

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

Details of the Great Agreement
For Europe

END OF REPARATIONS

The Prime Minister had the reception of his life on his return from Lausanne, where his great skill and tactfulness as a negotiator have brought about the end of Reparations and the beginning of a new era in Europe.

The Lausanne Convention was written in English and French, but its future home is in France, whose Government has undertaken to send a copy to all the Governments represented at Lausanne and to those Governments who took part in The Hague Conference of 1930.

The German Government is to hand to the Bank for International Settlements bonds for £150,000,000 (reduced from £200,000,000) to hold as trustees but not to issue until three years have elapsed, and not then unless favourable conditions are possible.

Young and Dawes Plans Cancelled

Should it happen that Germany fails to achieve prosperity the bonds will not be issued, and in any event all bonds not issued in fifteen years from now will be cancelled. The bonds that are issued will bear interest at five per cent and will have a sinking fund of one per cent from the date of issue. Should the finances of Germany prosper, so that she can borrow at a lower rate than five per cent, the Bank of International Settlements can be asked to issue them with a lower rate. The proceeds from these bonds will be allocated by the Governments signing the agreement (except Germany) and they will go to a general fund to aid other struggling nations.

The obligations of the Young and Dawes Plans are cancelled and the German railways are set quite free from their payments under them.

A World Monetary Conference

The Conference decided to appoint a committee to submit measures for overcoming the difficulties in the finances of Central and Eastern Europe; but most important of all is the decision to invite the League of Nations to fix a date and place for a world conference on monetary and economic questions, because of the vital need of facilitating the revival of international trade. In this connection the Conference invited Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United Kingdom to appoint two experts to a committee which would examine these complex problems, and so lay a solid foundation for the League conference.

A final Article invited signatories to The Hague agreement of 1930 to add their signature to this Lausanne document, America being especially invited to send two experts to the new committee, and the League being asked to appoint three experts to represent nations not otherwise included.

Before the ink was dry on this great agreement the world's markets reacted to the new era that had dawned. On that memorable Saturday, July 9, the Dawes and Young Loans rose rapidly in value, other German funds rising ten per cent and Greek stock jumping as much as 20 per cent. It was a mark of the world's confidence in the change that was coming about.

THE FASTEST ATLANTIC CROSSING

Captain Bennett Griffin and Lieutenant James Mattern, two American airmen, flew without a stop from Newfoundland to Berlin, 2880 miles, in less than 19 hours.

The part of their journey between Newfoundland and Ireland was the fastest Atlantic crossing ever made. It occupied just over eleven and a half hours, beating the previous record by two hours.

The airmen were trying to fly round the world in eight days, but crashed in Russia a few hours after leaving Berlin.

GENEVA NOW

WHAT OF DISARMAMENT?

The Hoover Plan and the
British Proposals

NEED TO GET TOGETHER

With Lausanne a happy augury for the future of the nations, the Disarmament Conference at Geneva was turned to once again to see what progress had been made toward freeing the world from its worst nightmare.

A little late, perhaps, but a decided relief after Japan's refusal to agree to America's scheme, came the British Plan. It agreed in many respects with Hoover's, especially in restricting the activities and size of national forces.

It will be remembered that America advocated the reduction of all fighting forces by a third; the abolition of all tanks, chemical warfare, bombing planes, and large mobile guns; and the limitation of the size of submarines to 1200 tons, or 35,000 tons in all.

The British Proposals.

Mr Baldwin, in announcing our plan, pointed out that our army is already smaller than that allowed under the American figures, while the use of small tanks enabled it to remain at its low figure, 50,000 less than the year before the war. On the naval side we propose the complete abolition of submarines and the reduction of destroyers by a third—or, failing this, the limitation in size of submarines to 250 tons; reduction in the size of battleships to 22,000 tons with 11-inch guns; reduction in the tonnage of cruisers to be built from 10,000 to 7000 with 6-inch guns as their largest weapon; and no aircraft carrier to exceed 22,000 tons.

An Age-Old Problem

The point in favour of these proposals is that the saving in the building of each new battleship would be 50 per cent, with greatly reduced cost of maintenance. Mr Baldwin declared that this was better than the American Plan, which left untouched the cost and size of guns of future battleships. He also pointed out the age-old problem of the distribution of our warships all over the waters of the globe, serving all the world's shipping in time of need, a service which the size of the unit affects but little.

The chief difference in the two plans seems to be that immediate savings will ensue from the American Plan while our plan is aimed at future savings. It would be an excellent thing if the two plans could be combined. The immediate scrapping of a third of the world's battleships should surely be the first step, and should lead to further efforts on the part of the nations to approximate to the limitations they have themselves imposed on Germany. All lovers of peace expected a much more drastic plan to be proposed by the British Government, and we hope to see it. The two nations must get together quickly.

CELLULOID AGAIN

A Child's Deadly Toy

The terrible death of one more child has called attention to another danger in those celluloid toys against which the C.N. so persistently warns its readers.

It was a rattle in this case, the toy we all have greeted with our first laugh, though none of us can ever remember the event.

It seems that the makers of these deadly rattles fill them with jagged bits of quartz so that when the fragile toy breaks there is a danger of the baby swallowing them with fatal results, as in this case.

Once again the C.N. repeats its warning to every mother:

Do not have a celluloid toy in your home.

HONOUR OF THE FREE STATE

MR DE VALERA AND
A DEBT

How the British Government
Hopes To Get the Money

IRELAND'S BEST CUSTOMER

The problem of the Irish Land Annuities must appear a small one to those who in years gone by watched with anxiety the desperate conflicts over the Home Rule question.

But here, too, a principle was involved and the ugly word Repudiation was on men's lips.

Ireland's refusal to pay what everybody in this country considered a just debt caused a surprise which could only be excused as a sample of Irish Humour: the proverbial proffering of the tail of an Irish coat; for the origin of these Annuities was associated with one of England's few generous acts toward the sister island.

Origin of the Annuities

The Annuities are the repayment of money lent by people in this and other countries to enable Irish tenants to purchase their land, with the result that they are paying about half the amount of money they would otherwise be paying as rent.

The British Government is the guarantor of this money, and if the money is not forthcoming from Dublin it is bound to pay the investors from the Treasury. Also the Irishmen who negotiated the Treaty establishing the Irish Free State agreed to this annual payment.

Now the £3,000,000 involved will affect the vital balancing of our Budget, and, Mr de Valera, insisting that he was right in his action, our Government made preparations to collect it in another way. A Bill was passed to enable the Treasury to place duties on the goods imported into this country from Ireland, in the expectation that the Irish exporter would pay the duties himself rather than risk the loss of his most important customer.

A Silly Squabble

Negotiations with Mr de Valera continued while this Bill was before Parliament, our Government expressing its willingness to submit the question to independent arbitration, provided that the arbitrators were members of the British Commonwealth. On his part Mr de Valera placed the funds in dispute in a special account, not to be drawn on for Irish affairs until the matter was settled.

Whatever may be the result of this silly squabble, the manner in which Mr de Valera declared his refusal gave a very bad impression at a time when it was more than ever essential for English-speaking States to show that they honoured their bond both in the letter and in the spirit.

THINGS SAID

We must have advertisements, but they need not be as offensive as some are.

The Prince of Wales

The time has gone when a public school education guaranteed a soft job.

Headmaster of Sedbergh

We are told that we won the War. We have not yet won the Peace.

Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood

In science you can measure things precisely, but you cannot learn sympathy in laboratories.

Archbishop of York

The pre-war boy had more initiative and grit, the post-war boy has a greater genius for friendship.

Headmaster of Shaftesbury

July 23, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

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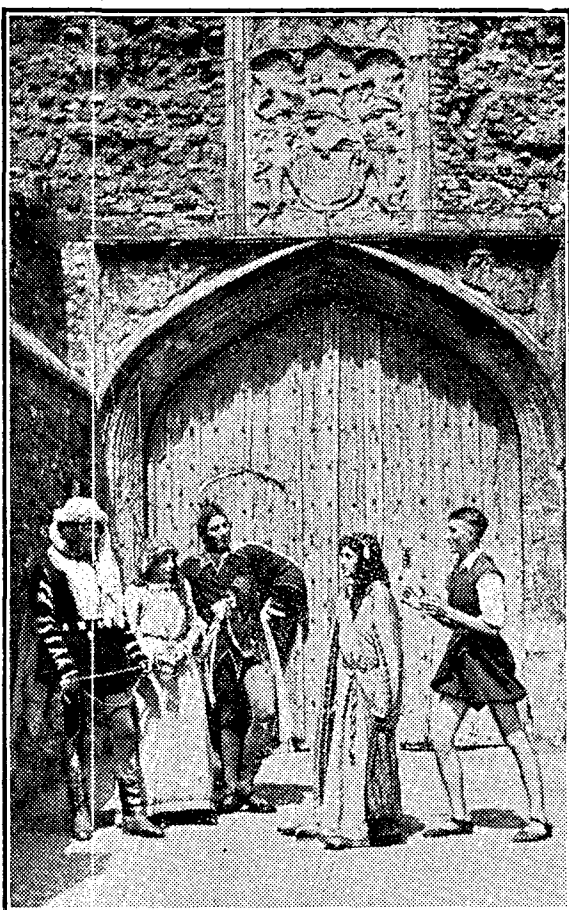
SCHOOL AERODROME · BOYS PLAY SHAKESPEARE · THE MONSOON



School Aerodrome—Huyton Hill School, near Liverpool, has its own flying ground. It was opened by the Master of Sempill, who is here seen explaining an aeroplane to the boys.



An Old Favourite—Surely no more appreciative audience could be found than this group of children listening to one of the nigger minstrels on the sands at a South Coast resort.



Schoolboys Play Shakespeare—Rosalind in this scene from *As You Like It* is a boy. The play has been produced at Framlingham Castle by pupils of Framlingham College, Suffolk.



A Showery Day—The weather was not very kind to a recent garden party for charity at St James's Palace, so this little girl had an umbrella to protect her dress from the showers.



The Strawberry Pickers—Here are two of the 150 girls who are picking strawberries on a big farm near Colchester. All the fruit from this particular place goes to a chocolate factory.



Night Photography—This photograph of Westminster by night was taken just before Parliament adjourned. The light in the clock-tower indicates that the House was sitting.



The Monsoon Approaches—The ominous appearance of the dark cloud that heralds the approach of the monsoon is dramatically shown in this picture of the River Hoogli at Calcutta.

INDIA

WHAT IS HAPPENING NOW

Lord Lothian's Journey of
Seven Thousand Miles

THE GREAT VOTERS ROLL

Strict discipline, even where punishments are sternly administered, can make for the good of home, school, or whole communities when the hand wielding the power is that of a just and far-sighted man.

Recent developments in India are evidence of this Spartan doctrine.

For, on the whole, progress is being made in the colossal task of raising India into a great position. Three things have turned the thoughts of us all to that wonderful land. First comes the magnificent report of Lord Lothian's Franchise Committee; next the declaration of our Government that the Communal problem is to be settled by it; and, thirdly, a decided relaxation in the Special Powers, used by the Central and Provincial Governments in India for controlling lawlessness.

Three Hundred Witnesses

Lord Lothian and his colleagues met with great encouragement in the 7000 miles they travelled. They visited every Province but two, examined 300 witnesses, and received about 1300 written statements. All parties in India except one helped them. They would drop in on a village, gather its people under the shade of a tree, and ask questions.

It is only within living memory that our own farm labourers have been given the vote, and it was hard enough to organise our remoter constituencies. How much more difficult will this be in illiterate India! The Committee are, however, confident that wireless is to solve the chief problem in the not far-distant future. As the first step they propose that the number of voters for the Provincial Legislatures should be five times as many as now, which means that 14 in every 100 will be enfranchised. Also they suggest that 6,600,000 women instead of the 315,000 now voting should have this privilege. They will be a fifth of all the voters.

They propose to place on the Roll a large number of representatives of the Depressed Classes, and also of Labour. Eight millions instead of one million people in British India will vote for the Federal Parliament.

A Good Point

Each Legislature would decide for itself when and how far to extend the lists of voters. It has been decided that direct voting is best and fairest for India, and the necessary qualifications are ownership of land and property and the attainment of the upper primary standard in education.

One good point in the plan is that the town-dwellers will not be on a better basis than the villagers, an important thing in an essentially agricultural land.

At home the Government is to introduce a Bill this summer containing Constitutional Reform for all India. This measure will provide for the new constitutions of the Provinces as well as for the Federated whole. This Bill will include the best solution we can give to the Hindu-Moslem communal problem, and a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons will thresh out its clauses.

Enough of talk at Round Table Conferences, say our ministers; let us try what a concrete Bill will do.

A USE FOR OLD TYRES

Old motor-tyres, like pins and safety razor-blades, must go somewhere.

It is interesting to hear that a new industry in the footwear trade makes it possible to use up fifty million pounds of old rubber every year.

The rubber is used to make sandals, millions of pairs of which are in use today in Spain, Portugal, and China.

HOW TO REDUCE
THE BUDGET

Sir Ernest Benn Makes
a Suggestion

CAN WE SAVE £100,000,000?

A new way of Budget-making is suggested by Sir Ernest Benn, one of the wise men of Fleet Street who has nothing to do with its papers.

Sir Ernest proposes that the Chancellor should reverse the methods at present employed, telling the spending departments what part of the nation's money is available for them in these hard times and not, as now, asking them for estimates of what they consider necessary for them. By this means the taxpayer would receive the first consideration and not the last.

When the total to be received from the taxpayer and other sources was calculated the Chancellor would then divide it among the various spending departments in the same proportions as in the previous year, telling them to spend it in the most advantageous way possible. After all, this is what the head of a working-man's family usually does when he hands his weekly money to his wife for expenditure on the household, and it is a practice which works very well.

Other suggestions made by Sir Ernest Benn are the abolition of the new departments which are offshoots from the Board of Trade, the lengthening of hours in public departments to those in force in commercial life, and new and more economic methods of making grants to local authorities.

By these methods, he declares, the National Budget could be reduced by at least £100,000,000.

A JUDGE'S REBUKE
Frightening Debtors

It is surprising to learn that the practice of frightening small debtors by sending them notices that look like official demands is still carried on.

At Southwark the other day Judge Moore had before him a case in which a firm of Hire-Purchase furnishers sent notices to their debtors printed on blue paper and got up to look like court notices. The judge said that it was grossly improper, and that it was one of the worst cases of its kind that he had ever come across.

We hope that the warning will be taken to heart by people who indulge in such practices.

THE CHAMOIS LOST ITS WAY

One Sunday morning in June a young chamois was found exhausted on the high road outside Montreux in Switzerland.

It was taken in a car to the police station like a lost child. The police took care of it and then handed it over to the proper mountain authorities who keep a strict control over hunting.

Thus this pretty animal found its way back again into its native mountains.

CRASH OF A HISTORIC ELM

In the oldest square in the old city of Geneva, on the top of the hill overlooking the harbour, there has been an elm tree ever since the days of Calvin. There can be no doubt but that both Calvin and his friend John Knox often sat in its shade.

At the end of June this tree fell down with a great crash. Fortunately, owing to the lateness of the hour, no one happened to be passing.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bima	Be-mah
Hanoi	Hah-noy
Kurukshetra	Koo-rook-shay-trah
Timor	Te-mor
Trevisa	Tre-vee-sa

PENELOPE LAWRENCE

A Great Headmistress

FOUNDER OF ROEDEAN SCHOOL

Since Thackeray described Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies there has been an almost incredible improvement in schools for girls, and this was largely due to the work of Miss Penelope Lawrence, who has passed on at 75.

She was the eldest of the three brilliant sisters who founded Roedean, one of our pioneer public schools for girls. It was in 1885 that she became headmistress, and so great was the success of this new movement in education that 14 years later she promoted a company and obtained a building suitable for a public school.

Generations of schoolgirls loved her and her sisters, and it was not until she was about 67 that she retired and went to live at Boxmoor in Herts.

A Portrait by Orpen

Four years ago hundreds of Roedean girls, old girls, and friends decided to club together so that they could have a portrait painted of their beloved headmistress by Orpen.

At first Miss Lawrence objected strongly to the proposal.

"Don't you think it a great pity that I should be painted?" she asked. "Let us have a swimming-bath made with the money."

But they made her consent, she was persuaded to come to the unveiling, and the demonstration of enthusiasm in her honour must have made her realise how worth while it had been to spend her life working for other people.

Penelope was not the only distinguished member of her family, for she was a sister of Lord Justice Lawrence and a second cousin of Mr Neville Chamberlain.

An ancestor of hers was Philip Henry, one of the Nonconformist ministers ejected in 1662, who had been a playmate of Charles Stuart's sons. During the trial of Charles Stuart he had often watched the king passing on foot to Westminster Hall, and he wrote a memorable account of the execution.

MONEY IS NOT CHEAP

Very Dear at the Banks

LET THE GOVERNMENT ACT

The price of money is the interest charged for lending it. When the rate of interest is high money is said to be dear. When the interest is low money is said to be cheap.

Money is theoretically cheap today because the Bank of England has lowered its official rate of discount to 2 per cent.

If one of us took our money today and deposited it at one of the big banks they would only give half per cent interest on it—10s a year for each £100 deposited. Yet if a business man borrows from a bank he is charged 5 per cent.

It follows that, while money is said to be cheap, it is really dear, and this dearness acts as a brake on the wheels of business. Business men and theoretic economists have alike appealed to the banks to lower their charge for money. Why do they not answer this appeal by making money really cheap for our business men?

It is surely time the Government brought pressure to bear upon the big banks in the matter.

A SECRET WHILE HE LIVED

It has been revealed that the main cost of the beautiful Warriors Chapel in Westminster Abbey, which was described in last week's C.N., was defrayed by the late Mr John Denham, a mining engineer of Johannesburg, who was a student at Finsbury College in 1880.

When Mr Denham made the gift he stipulated that his name should not be revealed while he lived.

THE POOR MAN'S
FORUM

NEWS AT THE MARKET
CROSS

Where They Learned the News
Before Newspapers

CROSSES OF OLD ENGLAND

A visitor to Stalbridge in Dorset, struck by the beauty of its 14th-century market-cross, has looked into the subject of these old crosses of England, and sends us the following notes.

Stalbridge has done well in restoring so carefully her medieval market-cross, for these crosses, once in every town and large village of England, are today sadly few.

The carving of the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and figures from the Gospels formed an open-air Scripture lesson for generation after generation of the youth of Stalbridge.

Caxton's England

The scenes which took place round this old cross might typify the England which Caxton came with singing and sunshine to gladden. Here they met for more than the exchange of products of the dairy and the farm. The news of the world came by word of mouth to such meeting-places.

Round this cross the villagers learned the shocking story that Richard the Second had laid ruthless hands on the estate of dead John of Gaunt.

They would stir with uneasiness as retentive memories recited to them the fierce sarcasms of Piers Ploughman; and thank God that they might speak their mother tongue here at their own market-cross, while it was true generally, as John of Trevisa was writing, that "children in scole, agenst the usage and manere of alle other nacions, beeth compelled for to leve thire own language, and for to construe thire lessouns and there thynges in Frensche, and so they haveth sith the Normans come first in to Engeland."

Stalbridge's cross had settled down well on its foundations when that fiery complaint was written.

The English Bible

The English used in conversation around this cross and its like laid the foundations of the English of Shakespeare and Milton. Chaucer and Wycliffe wrote it; Caxton printed it, and at this cross the people, still under monastic surveillance, would probably hear first the writings in the new book, translated by John of Gaunt's friend Wycliffe, the English Bible, with such language as this:

Another parable Jhesus putte forth to them, sayinge, The Kyngdom of heuene is maad liche to a man, that sewed good seed in his feeld, but when men slept his enemy came, and sewed about dernel or cokil in the midil of whete, and went away.

All the changes in literature, in national policy, in the social and industrial conditions of the country, these and the thousand other details which formed a rural community's exchange of news and ideas, brought the people to the village cross. It was the poor man's forum.

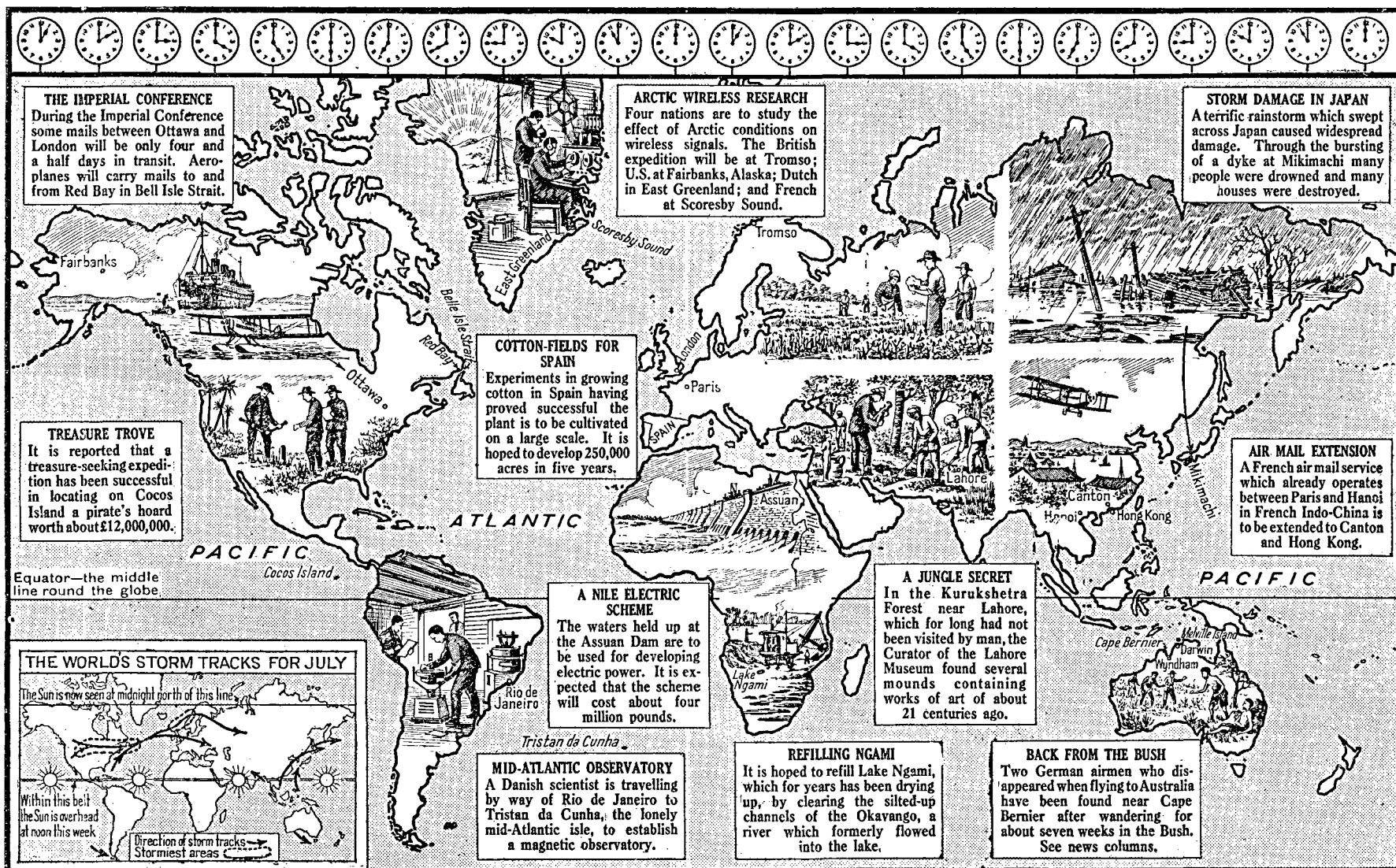
DONCASTER HAS
SOMETHING NEW

Something new in the way of swimming-baths will shortly be seen at Doncaster.

The Corporation is making a pool for bathing which will be lighted from underneath the water. A number of lamps fitted in lamphouses with square prismatic lenses are being fitted along the two long sides of the bath, below the surface of the water.

The effect will be rather like swimming in a pool of liquid fire.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LONDON'S ARTESIAN WELLS

Why They Must Be Deeper

There are now about 2000 artesian wells in London.

As new buildings go up most of the large ones have wells sunk and so become independent of other water supplies. By pumping their own supplies some firms save as much as £350 a year on water.

It is said, however, that artesian well-borers are having to go much deeper below London to reach the water. Some time ago the life-giving fluid was tapped at 400 feet, but wells must now be sunk to 600 feet.

Two reasons are given for this. The first is the rapidly increasing number of wells, which are taking 30 million gallons of water a day from the huge natural reservoir beneath the capital. The second reason is that building has been taking place in the Dunstable area of Bedfordshire and also south of Croydon, where the water enters the chalk and so passes into the huge underground reservoir. As these districts are developed the rainwater has no chance to sink in, but is carried off by the surface drainage.

HOW MANY PINS?

The needle and pin census for 1930 has been published.

Of ordinary needles 1,099,000 pounds were made, but we hardly venture to guess how many needles go to a pound, for there are so many sorts and sizes. Their value was £340,000. Various other needles were made worth £170,000.

In 1930 no less than £69,000 worth of gramophone needles were made.

Then there are pins, including solid-headed pins, hairpins, safety-pins, and others. These, too, cannot be counted, but the value of those made in 1930 was over £800,000.

Of buttons and studs the 1930 consumption amounted to 2,534,000,000!

One wonders what becomes of them.

A CITY'S UNDERGROUND TREASURE

Water and Gas Beneath Paris

Deep down under Paris there is treasure waiting to be tapped.

Lecturing to scientists at the Salle Wagram recently the Abbé Mermet told of a great river of the purest water which flows quite close to Paris at a depth of 1600 feet. The stream, said the Abbé, is part of a great flow which has its origin at Mont Blanc, and it could supply Paris with 200,000 gallons of water a minute.

But this water is not all. Close to it is said to be a vast store of natural gas. If this were brought to the surface, the Abbé said, there would be enough to illuminate Paris for a hundred years.

A WONDERFUL NEW LAMP

Motor-cars without headlamps speeding along the roads by night.

This was the possibility visualised by Sir Hugo Hirst, head of the General Electric Company, when he announced the production by his firm of a new kind of electric lamp.

It is at present known as the Hot Cathode Lamp, and it is claimed that it saves 70 per cent of current compared with standard lamps of today. This means far brighter illumination with no extra cost; and the small current consumption would make the lighting of the great arterial roads a matter of no vast expense.

STAINLESS STEEL IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Some huge bands of stainless steel have been made at a well-known Sheffield works for the new Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. There is one big hoop 120 feet in circumference for the base of the dome, and a number of smaller ones which will be built in with the dome as it curves toward the top.

THE COAL-DRIVEN CAR

A New Bottle That Makes It Possible

Motor vehicles with gas bags on the roof were common on the roads during the war. Petrol was then scarce for private use, and many motors ran efficiently on coal gas.

Many more are likely to do so in future, but the balloon on the roof will not be necessary. At the Elswick works of Vickers-Armstrongs there is being produced a new type of high tensile steel alloy bottle in which coal gas can be held at high pressure.

This new compressed-gas container can be fixed under a vehicle and connected direct with the engine. Experiments have shown that coal gas is an efficient fuel for heavy lorries, and it is cheaper than petrol.

So here is another ray of hope for our very depressed coal industry.

THE BIG SPLASH

There have been many great conductors, but none has ever made such a big splash as Mr Joseph Hay.

It was at the jubilee celebrations of Alexandra Park, Hastings, that Mr Joseph Hay created such a sensation. As darkness fell there was a firework display, and then illuminated canoes bore bandsmen out to an illuminated raft.

Mr Hay stepped aboard the raft, and conducted the bandsmen who were gathered round in their little boats. Afterwards he exhorted the crowds on the banks to sing the words of the tunes the band would play.

It was a great success.

Mr Hay worked his singers up to greater and greater efforts. He got carried away by the excitement of it all, and overstepped the mark.

Never, we repeat, has a conductor made such a splash. Luckily, there were plenty of boats handy, and he was fished out of the lake with his enthusiasm a little damped—for the time being.

NATIONS AS SLAVES

Victims of Selfish Interests

By Sir Arthur Salter

The world's tariff systems show clearly how far the world is yet from being able to treat international questions internationally. An import duty by its very nature is the concern of more countries than one, as every import is somebody's export. It is evident that no tolerable basis of world trade will be possible until tariffs are based upon regular principles, are reasonably stable, and are changed normally not by unilateral action but by a process of negotiation. Tariffs as they have developed demonstrate the impotence not only of world government, but of national government.

The plain fact is that in nearly every country which has instituted high and variable tariffs the Government is the slave of the sectional and competing interests which it should control. The world's tariffs have for the most part been conceived in a mood of competitive panic and framed by the method of competitive pressure. Planning, national and international, is required, not to replace freedom and enterprise, but to save them from suicide.

THE VILLAGE BELLS

Peals have lately been rung on the bells of Bledington Church in Gloucestershire for the first time in fifty years.

The church formerly had a peal of five bells, and three of them now form part of an enlarged peal of six, which has been hung in a new iron and steel frame. A fourth bell is kept in the church as an interesting link with the past, and one was melted down.

THE NON-STOP

In the new summer time-table a famous express is timed to run from Wilmslow, near Manchester, non-stop to Euston, a distance of 177 miles, in 172 minutes. This gives an average speed of 61.7 miles an hour.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 23

1932

To Common People Everywhere

The Hour has brought the Men. Now it is for the People to act.

We give this column this week to France, to her great spokesman Monsieur Herriot.

If the New Age is to come, if Peace is to conquer War, if goodwill is to prevail among the nations and prosperity come back, it is France that must lead the way; and it is the common peoples of all lands who must rally to the noble call of her Prime Minister.

The hour has struck, and the French Prime Minister has spoken. Let us pray that France will rise to her momentous opportunity and that her name will be written on the page of Lausanne, with that of our own Prime Minister, in immortal letters of gold.

This is from M. Herriot's speech after the signing of the Agreement at Lausanne.

To measure the result at which we have arrived under the authority of my dear friend MacDonald, it is sufficient to recall the anxiety which preceded this event.

To passion we have closed the door. To violence we have preferred reason.

We have carried out our programme; we have tried to understand one another; and we, the French, seriously concerned for our nation, have listened with emotion to the recital of the sufferings of the German people, with whom we desire to have cordial relations.

Tomorrow, perhaps, the old spirit will try to undermine our work. We appeal to all noble minds and to all loyal hearts in the world to combat this. The humblest of beings may become for us and for our scarcely-begun task a valuable collaborator. It is for the peoples themselves to help us forward on our way.

The spirit of Lausanne must win. After having so long founded our policy on the search for that which divides men, policy must now aim at that which can bring them together.

My dear colleagues, whatever our nations, our opinions, our beliefs, the Frenchman now speaking to you desires that this evening, at this moment, we may be united in one common thought, in one common soul, and that we may allow to descend into the deepest depths of our consciences the noblest and gentlest words ever spoken: Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Proper Way With Litter Louts

WE quite agree with Mr Leslie Scott, K.C., who declared the other day that he did not think we should stop Mr and Mrs Litter Lout until we follow the German plan of allowing a policeman to fine them on the spot and give them a receipt.

We commend the suggestion to our Home Secretary. Every year the ratepayers spend a small fortune in picking up the rubbish our Litter Louts throw down; there is no reason why the Litter Lout should not pay to have it picked up. A thousand fines on the spot would be worth years of propaganda, and it would be sheer justice as well as a relief to the rates if those who spoil the streets were made to pay for it.

Trouble and Muddle

WHERE do all our names come from? It is certainly curious to see the way they fit.

We have just been for two rides, one to Oxfordshire and one in Sussex. In an Oxfordshire village, looking charming in its summer dress, we found Mrs Branchflower and Mrs Digweed, both of them, we hope, keeping busy; and in Sussex we found Trouble and Muddle, both of them unfortunately always busy.

The White Patch

IT is good to know that out of 4000 miles of lines the National Power Scheme has now established all but about 200.

May we take the opportunity of asking the Central Electricity Board to give a small instruction to its contractors which would save the countryside from a thousand scars?

It is the habit of these contractors, when they set pylons in chalk, to heap up the chalk at the base and leave a white patch on the countryside which only years will cover up. There are some particularly bad cases in one of the loveliest parks in Kent.

If the Electricity Board will instruct its contractors to throw a few loads of soil and sow a pennyworth of grass seed on these scars it will make a wonderful difference to the countryside. Thank you very much, Dear Pylon People.

Flotsam

"THE flotsam live in those slums," said the scholarly traveller as the train passed through the poorest and densest part of the city. "Flotsam, from the Saxon flotan, to float; scum floating on the river of life!" And he sighed.

"It is better to float than to sink," said the Philosopher sitting in another corner of the carriage. "He who keeps his head above water where little beauty is may land on a bank of flowers. Who knows?"

To Be Exact

A TRAVELLER just home from the East was being shown over some ancient ruins by a local guide when they came across some teeth of mules.

"These teeth," said the Guide, "are fourteen thousand and seven years old."

"How do you know the time exactly?" asked the visitor.

"Well," said the Guide, "when I came here I was told that they were fourteen thousand years old, and I have been here seven years."

The World Now

The world, wounded in fight,
A bird with broken wing,
A bird striving to build,
Striving to sing,
Who deemed the battle past,
The night-long combat won;
Now through fresh pain, fresh night,
Fights, dauntless, on. Marjorie Wilson

Tip-Cat

WE are told that Mr Gillette, who has died in America, shaved the world. He had much better have dropped his aitch and saved the world.

BOATING is an excellent way to spend a holiday. Anyhow, it can't be dry.

SCIENTISTS say the world will last a trillion years. It will have time to turn the corner.

PEOPLE in London, declares a foreigner, move more slowly than people of a generation ago. That is why they come after them.

THE life of the average talkie is about six months. Generally speaking.

AN American thinks London traffic is the best organised in the world. Wants to hold it up as an example.

IT is a sign of middle age when you get bored with your house, somebody says. Anyonedoingit had betterlookout.

FRUIT drinks help the complexion. So help yourself.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A CLUB has been formed at Loughborough to buy dog licences for poor people.

IT is hoped that every coalmine may soon have a portable wireless set.

SOME unknown friend has sent £3500 to the Baptist Building Fund.

JUST AN IDEA

The more prosperous our neighbours are the more prosperous we shall be. The less prosperous our neighbours are the less prosperous we shall be.

To Ruth

THE sheltered slopes of childhood
You've climbed with helping hand;
Now on the crest you pause to rest

And view an ampler land.
Beyond those darkling passes
Lies the unknown—the World;
But in between, so fair and green,
Stretch schooldays fields dew-pearled;
Crossed by white roads well tended,
Where, should you chance to stray,
Wise guides and kind you'll always find

To point you out the way.
No longer led, though guided,
Roadcraft you'll surely need:
Who travels wise, must scan the skies

And all their portents read.
If you would pass the mountains
You must be truly shod
With courage high, your panoply
A simple trust in God.

Long years ago I started
Hence, as you start today,
And travel yet without regret:
Good luck upon your way!

Donald Corrie

Grannie's Day

By Our Country Girl

IT was a lovely summer's day.

On the top of a hill overlooking miles of Dorset heath and woodland we found a little group of poor people in cheap, tidy clothes.

The centrepiece was Grannie, nursing Baby in a bathchair. Everybody was red and hot except Grannie, who was the colour of old ivory, and deeply wrinkled. She wore a beaded mantle and a bonnet which might have been new sixty years ago. Baby was wrapped in a white shawl which had probably served three generations and had been washed till it was yellow.

What were they doing there? We think Grannie must have been found crying one evening, and on being questioned must have said, "I mind how I used to climb up to Worbarrow when I were a girl with George. I shall never see it no more." And so Father had vowed that she should, and on the very next opportunity the united family had pushed her up to the hilltop.

Probably Father would have liked to have spent his Saturday afternoon watching a cricket match, and Mother would have loved a cheap excursion ticket to town, and the delights of shop windows and the sixpenny stores. Such jaunts come rarely to the labourer's family.

But it was to be Grannie's day. So they pushed her up the hill, and there she sat like an ivory statue, gazing with dim eyes over the green country and the years that lay between her youth and the baby in her arms.

We saw many people better dressed as we motored through Dorset that day. We saw no group that gave us the same certainty that they were rich in love and contentment.

THOMAS GUY'S NEW RESTING PLACE

THE MISER WHO WAS MEAN ONLY TO HIMSELF

Founder of One of London's Best-Known Charities

HIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY

When the Governors of Guy's Hospital heard that the crypt of the hospital chapel would have to be underpinned, because the soil was shrinking away underneath, they were very sorry.

But now that they *must* spend money on the chapel they can give Thomas Guy a worthy tomb.

For a long time they have waited to do that. The founder of the great hospital lies in a stone coffin resting on rough brick piers. The Governors longed to make a little shrine for his resting-place, but felt that he would not have wished them to spend money on this while there were sick people needing it.

Goodness and Eccentricity

They cannot let the building fall down, however, and when they repair it they will be able to make a worthy resting-place, with a memorial chapel for the good man as well.

The work will cost £500, and the Shepherd Trustees at once sent a cheque for this money when they were consulted about this excellent project.

In his own day Thomas Guy was looked on as a miser, but we of this century know better. The goodness that he did lives after him, and is no longer obscured by his eccentricities.

It was when Charles Stuart was on the throne that Thomas was born at Southwark about 1644, but he lived through the protectorate of Cromwell and to see five more reigning kings and queens before he died at eighty.

His father, who was a lighterman and coal-dealer, died when he was a child, and Thomas was taken by his mother to live at Tamworth. She married again, and gave her son a good education.

The Touch of Midas

When he was about 16 he was apprenticed for eight years to a London bookseller in Cheapside. Soon after the Great Plague and the Great Fire, when the shop he worked in was burned down, he had saved enough to buy his master's shop, which had been rebuilt.

After this he never went back. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, and in addition to his wealth he made a fortune of about two millions by selling South Sea shares at fabulous prices before the bubble burst.

All this time Guy was living as a shabby bookseller, eating frugal meals and posing as a miser, although he was one of the most generous men on Earth. He paid a fine to escape being Sheriff or Lord Mayor of London. One day he looked so miserable when he was leaning over one of the Thames bridges that a stranger took pity on him and slipped half a guinea into his hand. Guy took his name and address, and later on, when he heard that the stranger was in trouble, he paid his debts for him and set him up in business again.

The Real Man Revealed

Chapters could be written on the generous things he did for the poor and for his relations. He sent so many to St Thomas's Hospital at his own expense that he soon realised there was not nearly enough room for all. When he was 76 he was determined to build a new hospital, and he endowed the now famous Guy's Hospital with the equivalent of a million pounds.

When old Guy died his will was a revelation of his true character. He left much money to the Bluecoat School, for almshouses at Tamworth, and to many other charities. He released 600 debtors from gaol, and not one of his most remote relations was forgotten.

THE TALE OF A VEGETABLE BARROW

STUDENTS will be students, but we who see them collecting for hospitals in London know that they do not spend all their exuberance in doing foolish things.

The other evening in the Latin Quarter of Paris a particularly cheerful band of students came down one of the side streets. Suddenly they spied a ragged woman sitting desolately on the edge of the pavement with her barrow of vegetables in front of her. She had given up trying to sell her little stock, for no customers came near her, and she had been there since morning.

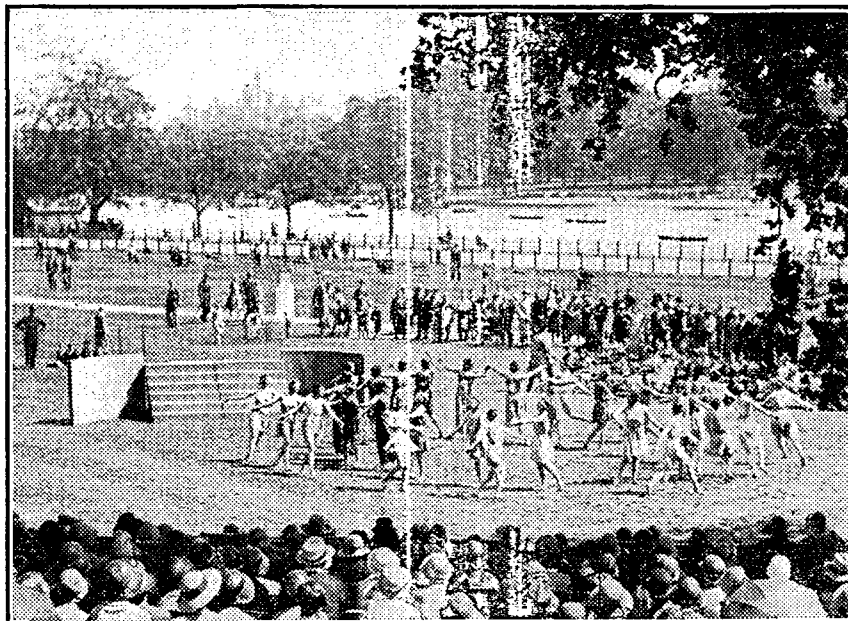
Instead of exchanging jokes, as might have been expected, when they saw the

dejected-looking vegetable seller the students at once realised her distress. They stopped, and after a short talk among themselves they seized hold of the barrow and away they went down the streets crying at the top of their voices the fine quality and cheapness of their wares.

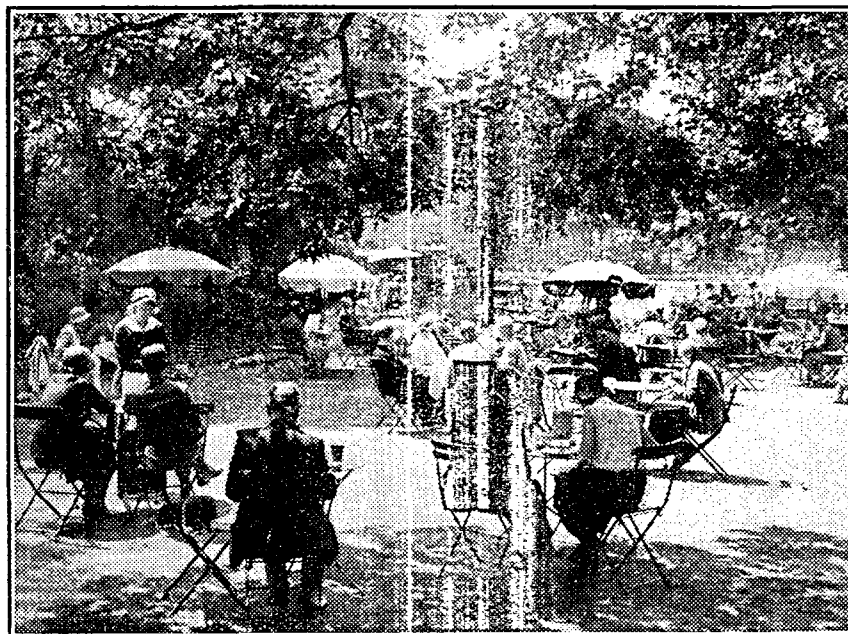
Their shouts attracted many thrifty housewives, who came up to buy the poor woman's cabbages and leeks.

In a few minutes the students were back with the barrow. It was empty, and to the surprise and delight of the vegetable seller they filled her hand with silver francs.

LONDON OUT-OF-DOORS



Dancers by the Serpentine in Hyde Park



Lunch under the trees in the Embankment Gardens

London is well provided with parks and open spaces which afford welcome retreats on the hot days of summer from the noisy, fume-laden streets.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SLIP COACH

THE slip coach is disappearing from the railways of England.

The Southern Railway has banished it from its system, following the lead of the L.M.S., which used its last slip coach in 1926.

The idea of an express train detaching a coach, which is brought to a standstill at a station while the express itself continues at high speed, is considered by many people to have more disadvantages than otherwise. Passengers in the slip coach, for instance, had no communication with the rest of the train, and so were cut off from the restaurant

car. Also the slip coach was only of help to passengers who wished to alight. Others could not join the express.

Engines of today travel so much faster that it is possible for the train to make a number of stops for the convenience of passengers alighting from and boarding the train and yet arrive at the destination earlier than in the days when the slip coach was introduced.

The Great Western Railway first introduced the idea in the middle of last century, and this company still has a few slip coaches; the L.N.E.R. also has one or two in operation.

A BUSH MYSTERY SOLVED

LOST AIRMEN FOUND AFTER SEVEN WEEKS

The Ship and the Plane That Passed By

LIVING ON SNAILS AND LIZARDS

A great mystery of the air has been solved on the other side of the world.

Two German airmen who set out from Bima in the Dutch East Indies to fly to Australia failed to arrive at Port Darwin when expected. Ships searched the Timor Sea without success, and then, after a month had passed, a plane flying near Cape Bernier saw an abandoned seaplane. Three days later a party in a motor-launch inspected the plane, but its occupants, Captain Bertram and Herr Clausemann, were missing. A note was found which stated that the men had taken one of the floats from the seaplane and had rowed to the West.

Fresh Hope

One day there was a report that they had been killed by natives; another said that the tracks of two white men had been seen going southward about 100 miles north-east of Wyndham, and the natives who brought this news gave to Father Cubero, of the Drysdale Mission Station, a cigarette case with the initials of one of the missing men and a message in German scratched on it.

This brought fresh hope, and the search of the Bush by air and on foot was intensified. Several days passed, and then, when hope had once more been almost abandoned, came the news that the men had been found only 12 miles from their abandoned plane.

"Bread! bread!" was all they were able to gasp as Constable Marshall ran forward to greet them. They were weak and could scarcely walk, but they carried with them a large piece of cooked kangaroo which was wrapped in a towel. After they had rested and had some food they were able to tell of their adventures, hopes, and fears.

Drinking Rainwater

Captain Bertram said that for five days after they landed on the coast they walked about but found no game or natives, so they returned to their plane. The only food they had with them were a few biscuits and some tins of fruit.

They drank the water from their radiator and from little pools of rainwater on the wings of their plane. They were able to catch some fish.

Then followed five days of drifting on the open sea in the float which they had detached from the plane. During this time they were without food or drink, but at one time their hopes were raised when they saw a steamship less than a mile away. But the sailors did not see them, and there followed a day and night of effort to reach land.

They came ashore near Cape Bernier.

Found By Natives

For days they wandered about, living on snails, lizards, and gum leaves. Then they saw one of the searching planes flying overhead, but were unable to attract attention. Eight days later they saw some natives. The aborigines gave them a fish and told them that they came from the Drysdale Mission. More natives brought food, and some of them stayed with the exhausted men, hunting kangaroos and catching fish for them.

Even with this friendly attention Captain Bertram and Herr Clausemann could only lie on the ground and wait. Six more days passed, and then Constable Marshall arrived.

Thus, after 45 days of anxiety and suffering, the lost airmen made their first contact with civilisation, and the vast Never-Never Land of Australia was robbed of two more victims.

THE POOR MEN OF CERNE ABBAS

WHAT THEY ARE DOING

A Message and a Chance For Men of the Road

ONE MORE GOOD THING GROWING UP

Seven hundred years ago five poor men, barefooted and wearing simple brown gowns, arrived at Canterbury from the Continent and astonished the townspeople, for they had with them no possessions. Filled with the inspiration of their leader, the great Saint Francis of Assisi, they had come to share a life of poverty with the down-and-outs of medieval England.

The good which these men did lived after them. The ideal they planted in our little island is blossoming in the countryside this century and is likely to bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Our Workless Boys

After the war there was an alarming increase of wayfarers who had taken to the roads, not because they were idle, but through their desperate desire to find work and to make an honest living. They tramped from town to town searching for work, and among them were great numbers little more than boys.

Few people know that boys are often thrown out of work as soon as they are 16, because it is then that their employers have to pay the unemployment insurance and they can easily find boys of 14 to do the same foolproof work of watching an automatic machine. If money is short at home, and the lad who has been dismissed has great spirit, he often sets out to look for work.

Perils of the Casual Ward

His search is usually in vain, for he is not skilled in any trade, and he finds his way to the crowded Casual Ward of the workhouse, where he is thrown into contact with many old stagers who have tramped the roads for years because they are lazy. Their influence may lead these boys into lives of crime, a disaster which would never have happened if they had been happily going to work each day.

The pity of all this was realised by a few people, and three years after the Armistice a Home of St Francis was started near Cerne Abbas in one of the most remote and beautiful parts of Dorset. In this home, which has an atmosphere of cheeriness and comradeship, any of those who are young in the vagrant life and wish to leave the life of the road are welcomed. There is accommodation for 40 men, who are taught trades, such as market-gardening, printing, weaving, basket-making, and so on. A neighbouring farmer trains some of them as milkers.

The Spirit of Brotherhood

The Home of St Francis at Cerne Abbas is a pretty old house with a paved courtyard. It is the spirit of brotherhood, the most precious thing in the home, which soon helps the men to regain their courage, hope, and self-respect. The Brothers, who act as the staff, wear the plain brown habit of St Francis and live under a rule of poverty. They work and have meals with the men, each of whom receives his keep, pocket-money, and a shilling a week which is given to him when he leaves. Many of the men have found work as housemen, gardeners, and farm labourers.

The unemployment problem has been called the despair of statesmen; certainly it is the despair of all who see the way our politicians deal with it. But the Brotherhood asks "Ought we not to regard it as God's opportunity?" Such, at any rate, it has been for some of these unemployed youths who are now making good in the world.

It is the aim of the Brothers to see a home like this started in every county. The first extension of the work began at

BRER RABBIT AND THE TRAP

A Barbarism That Must Go

Brer Rabbit thinks it is time that something was done about stopping the barbarous custom of setting steel-toothed traps and wire snares.

Four years ago the Anti-Steel-Toothed Trap Committee, whose headquarters are at 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, took up his cause, and it is high time that more people realised how cruel are the present methods of rabbit-catching. Every year some 40 million rabbits in this country are sent to market, and a great number of them die an agonising death by being caught in the steel-toothed trap.

Hours of Agony

This relic of a more barbarous age catches the leg of the rabbit and holds the terrified animal fast in agony for anything from 12 to 24 hours.

Almost as much needless pain and terror is caused to millions more rabbits by the common wire snare. While the animal struggles to be free the noose tightens to the point of strangulation, but when through exhaustion the struggles cease the noose slightly relaxes, and the rabbit regains consciousness only to struggle again until death brings release.

At least ten humane societies are fighting to stop this barbarity, but it is not so easy as it might seem to change old customs and overcome prejudice. The majority of farmers and trappers are not in sympathy with the use of humane traps.

Unsympathetic Politicians

Various devices for killing rabbits instantaneously have been invented, such as the Lewis Snare and the Rabbit-jerk. Netting is also a humane method of rabbit-catching, and netted rabbits command the best prices. If the steel-toothed trap and wire snare were prohibited by law little inconvenience would be caused to farmers, for many humane traps would appear on the market as soon as the law prohibited all cruel methods. Parliament has already been approached, but permission to introduce such a Bill has been refused. Our politicians do not care much for stopping cruelty; they cannot even be persuaded to prohibit celluloid toys which burn little children to death.

Continued from the previous column

Sherborne, where a hostel was built four years ago by an unemployed carpenter and five St Francis men. He had arrived at the home with his boots worn out by tramping while he had vainly searched for work.

In Devon the Blackborough Training Home has been opened, and the good news came not long ago that a castle in Wales has been acquired by the Brothers for a pound a year! This is to be another training-centre, where down-and-outs will be taught a trade and sent on their way rejoicing. Another training home is to be started at a farm near Ticehurst in Sussex.

Still more good news comes from Scotland, for the beautiful property of Middlebank at Rosyth has been taken over for Young Vagrants.

The rule of the Brotherhood is not to beg but to pray for money. Propaganda for the homes is spread by means of preaching campaigns by the friars of the Cerne Abbas Home.

Often one of the brown-habited friars goes out on the road without purse or scrip and shares the life of the men in the Casual Wards. He finds that his poverty breaks down barriers raised by birth, education, and position, and almost invariably he receives kindnesses from his fellow-travellers. They want to share their food with him, and he discovers that there is more Brotherhood in a tramp's lodging-house than in many great hotels.

POOR TEDDY BEAR

Propped Up In the Pillows

Whether the best doctors in Sydney will be able to do much for Burrendong, the pretty little koala, or Teddy Bear, remains to be seen.

When we last heard of her she was sitting sadly propped up on a pillow wedged in the fork of a tree in Koala Park, as ill as could be with pneumonia.

This deadly disease is threatening to exterminate one of the best-loved animals in the world, and Australia's men of science are trying to discover some effective treatment.

Day and night a kettle of eucalyptus has been puffing steam round the little patient. Usually a koala eats about two and a half pounds of gum leaves every day, but poor Burrendong has had to be kept alive by liquid food injected under the skin. She was too ill to know that her baby came in the world too small to live more than eight hours.

This fight to save her life has been costing £2 10s a week, though the medical men and the veterinary surgeon are giving their services free. We know that all C.N. readers will wish Mrs Teddy Bear a good recovery.

THE MUSIC MAKERS

Enormous Growth of Gramophones

The British Census of Production has counted up the making of musical instruments, and it is seen that great changes have occurred between 1924 and 1930.

The making of pianos has been almost halved in these six years. In 1924 the number was 95,210; in 1930 it was only 53,070.

There seems no doubt that the use of the piano has been greatly affected by the growth of automatic instruments.

This is supported by the Census results for gramophones. In 1924 the number of gramophones made was roundly 276,000; in 1930 the number rose to over 770,000.

It is obvious that if this rate of production is maintained the majority of houses will soon possess a gramophone; and as gramophones so quickly get out of date through the introduction of important improvements there appears to be a good future for the trade.

There is a very small sale for organs, few houses possessing these instruments. The value of the organs made in 1930 was only a little over £300,000.

MILLIONS OF BALLS

Fascination of the Flying Sphere

The extent to which we are given up to ball games is shown by the Board of Trade examination of sports trades.

Whereas in 1924 the golf balls made in this country were worth £53,000, in 1930 they were worth £703,000. This represented the production of over a million dozen golf balls. What becomes of all these it is difficult to imagine, for only about a third are exported.

Even more amazing are the facts relating to tennis balls. The manufacture of these in 1930 was worth £634,000, which represented 1,632,000 dozens. Of these only about a third were exported, so that something like 14,000,000 tennis balls were used in a country which has only ten million families. It speaks volumes for the popularity of tennis.

To C.N. Motorists
Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

ROAD TO GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HOME

A Memorial Highway

A remarkable road in honour of George Washington—who, besides being a statesman and a general, was an engineer of no mean ability—has just been dedicated.

The road will be known as Mount Vernon Memorial Highway, and will run for 15 miles from the city of Washington to the ancestral home of the great President. Nearly three miles of its length have been constructed over depressions, millions of cubic yards of material having been thrown into them and made firm. Special engineering features have been incorporated into the design of the pavement over these stretches, which altogether have cost about £300,000.

Protection For the Beauty Spots

The road surface is forty feet wide, but the right of way acquired by the Government extends in many places 400 feet from the centre of the road. This depth has been acquired to prevent the erection of unsightly buildings and advertising signs which would spoil special scenery effects produced by slopes and grading. At these beauty spots, where motorists may wish to linger, space has been provided for parking cars; at some points by the aid of islands, at others by extra width of continuous pavement which widens out and returns in pleasing lines.

As this year is the bicentenary of the birth of Washington thousands of visitors are expected at the capital which bears his name, and they will make a pilgrimage along this splendid highway to Mount Vernon, where the founder of the American nation had his home for over fifty years.

TWO MEN ON AN ISLAND

Postman's Knock Only Once a Year

Robinson Crusoe had an infinitely more interesting time of it on his beautiful island, with its mountains and streams and animals and plants, than the two wireless operators who are the sole inhabitants of Willis Island, 250 miles from the Queensland coast and far from all steamship routes.

It is a desert island indeed, for it is composed of nothing but sand and is surrounded on all sides by the Pacific. Two Aprils ago these men received a present of a book from a friend of the C.N. Only lately an acknowledgment has been received, but this was not because of bad manners. The ship which brought the present in 1931 stayed only a few hours, and the lonely inhabitants of the island could hardly be expected to write letters during this precious time of intercourse with some of their fellow-men. A year passed before another ship called, and it brought away a delighted letter of thanks for the book which has at last reached the C.N. office.

Most of us would feel sorry for ourselves if we went a month without hearing the welcome sound of the postman's rat-tat-tat. To be 365 days without a mail makes us realise something of the isolation and solitude of Willis Island.

Mr Eric Riethmuller, who sent the letter, explains that the ship routine has changed, and that is why only one boat a year now calls at the island. "How would you like that?" he asks; "living on a speck of sand and bounded on all sides by water would be a great change from crowded London."

To see two ships go sailing by was all these men saw of life during twelve lonely months. But they have plenty of work to do. They have a gramophone, and wireless keeps them in touch with news of the world.

SEASHORE RIDERS · A LONDON ROOF GARDEN · COLUMBUS IN PARIS



Seashore Riders—The sands on some parts of the coast provide riders with a splendid track for an early-morning canter. Wading in the sea is greatly enjoyed by the horses.



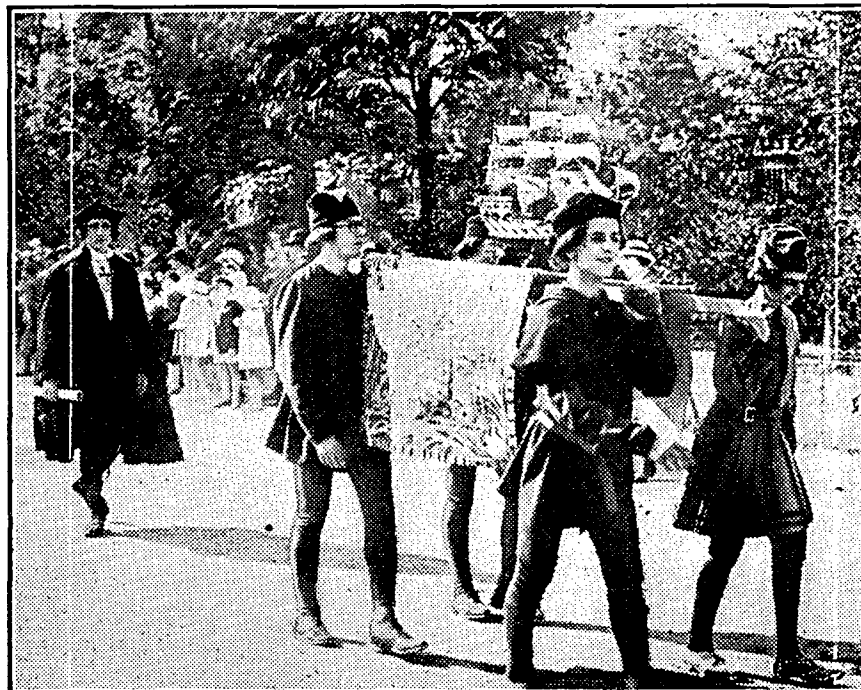
A London Garden—One of the best roof-gardens in London is that of Adelaide House with its turfed putting-course, shown in this picture. In the background is the Monument.



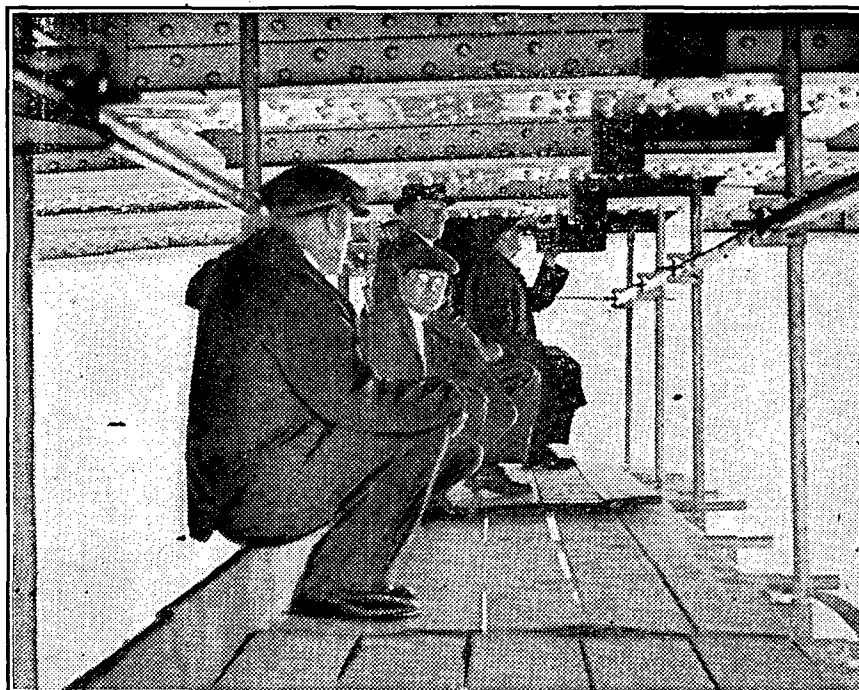
Reflections—These girls who had been dancing at a garden party in aid of a London hospital made a delightful group as they rested on the edge of the lily pool.



Athletes of Prague—The departure of Czecho-Slovakia's Olympic team for America was preceded by a great athletic meeting in Prague, in which these girls took part.



Columbus in Paris—On the left of this picture is the man who impersonated Christopher Columbus at a children's fête held recently in Paris.



Testing a New Bridge—Several traction engines with loaded trailers were used to test the new Lambeth Bridge while engineers watched the effect underneath.

A VILLAGE STORY

The Little Robin of St Giles's

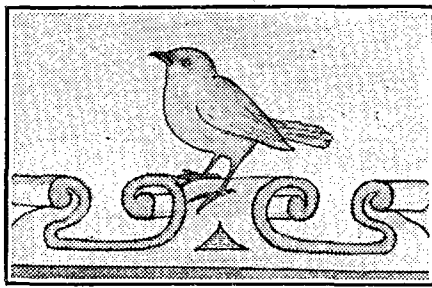
C.N. GUINEA PRIZE

One of our travelling correspondents who has passed through Wimborne St Giles has found a delightful memorial in its beautiful church. It is to a robin.

The story of the robin is that it twice nested in the chancel here while the workmen were in the church, and the two nests it made are preserved within the wall.

The memorial is in the form of an inscription in a decorative border crowned with the portrait of the little robin, its breast gleaming brightly as in life.

It is odd to think that this little bird, remembered in this sacred place, would hop about the garden of St Giles's House, for across the chancel is another unexpected memory of this garden. It is on the canopied tomb of Sir Anthony Ashley, who has lain here with his wife



The robin in the chancel

for 300 years. By the tomb is the kneeling figure of their daughter, but what is most curious is something like a ball at their feet. Sir Anthony is said to have introduced the cabbage to his countrymen, and this curious ball on his tomb is supposed to represent the first cabbage grown in England, in the kitchen garden so familiar to the robin.

The C.N. is very grateful to the rector of St Giles's, the Rev E. J. Janson-Smith, for sending a copy of the memorial; and the Editor is particularly glad to have received it, for the tracing was made by Peter Read, a boy at the village school. It is very neatly done in the exact form and colour of the memorial painted on the east wall of the church to the right of the altar. The actual inscription is in these words:

Here, while the respond to the arcade of 1887 was building, a robin nested, and again during the building of the new arcade after the fire of 1908.

The Editor of the C.N. will be delighted to send a prize of One Guinea to any reader who sends him a note of the best story of any memorial of this kind, or the best little story in any way connected with a village church.

POPULAR BACON

The growth of the bacon trade is remarkable. Great as the consumption of pig-meat has always been, it has greatly increased in recent years.

The Board of Trade shows that in six years the consumption of bacon and ham in the United Kingdom rose from 10,400,000 to 11,400,000 cwts.

Both imported bacon and home-produced bacon grew in quantity, but by far the greater part of our supply is still imported from abroad. The quantity of bacon and hams produced in the United Kingdom in 1930 was about 3,200,000 cwts, out of a total consumption of 11,400,000 cwts.

We are glad to record that the production of bacon and ham in the United Kingdom has considerably increased. In 1924 it was roundly 2,200,000 cwts, so that in six years production increased by the satisfactory figure of about a million cwts.

LOOKING DOWN ON AUSTRALIA

We report elsewhere the solving of the mystery of two German airmen who were missing for several weeks in the Bush Country of Northern Australia. Many there are who fly across these vast unfriendly spaces, and some who have been forced down have not been so fortunate as the two men who have just been rescued.

We give here some notes written for us by Captain F. R. Matthews, a British airman who flew from Port Darwin across 3000 miles of Australia, after having flown 11,000 miles from England, and looked down, therefore, on the wide territories where the German airmen have been thrilled with their adventures.

THE country around Port Darwin was aflame with colour, due chiefly to the beautiful poinsettia and jacaranda trees. The streets of Port Darwin are fiercely hot, the heat being thrown up from their sun-baked surface. Houses occupied by the white people are a type belonging to Darwin alone. The aborigines live in their own compound, and the Chinese have their own section of the town. Peanut growing, meat factories, and pearling seem to account for Darwin.

The Great Water Problem

When I left Port Darwin, accompanied by an escort, it was to visit Sydney by a route totalling about 2500 miles. Our first stage was to Daly Waters.

The country is monotonous and wooded, and I decided that in the event of a forced landing the best thing to do would be to land on the trees near the railway and wait for a train. Later I learned that there is only one train a week on this line. Peanut plantations are dotted here and there, but they are few and far between. After following the railway for about 230 miles we left it to follow a telegraph wire to Daly Waters for food, fuel, and water.

When flying through Australia it is essential to have plenty of water with you, for should you have to land, say, 300 miles from anywhere and have no water with you, you would probably die of thirst through intense heat. At first it seems peculiar to see cars, cycles, and carts with a canvas water-bottle slung on them; almost every house has one hung up in the verandah.

Across Flat, Hard Plains

Ant hills, some very high, covered nearly all the aerodrome, just a narrow strip being kept clear for machines to run along. Beside the aerodrome at Daly Waters lived the chief telegraphist and linesman and his assistant, with whom we had a very delightful lunch before taking off for Sturt Plain, Newcastle Waters, and Anthony Lagoon.

From Newcastle Waters the country changes to flat, hard plains with only a track to follow instead of telegraph lines. For miles we flew at a height of about 200 feet; then suddenly I saw the escorting plane in front of me dive to about ten feet from the ground. Straight ahead were many kangaroos. I throttled right back to about 50 miles an hour as we chased them, and one or two could nearly keep ahead by their terrific leaps. As for an emu, when I came down to have a look at it and drew near, it darted at the machine "full out" for a fight.

Continuing on our way, we passed eight water bores, which looked from the air like small square reservoirs, beside a windmill pump. They are close to the track, about 20 miles apart.

At a Little Cattle Station

After a while a small group of five sheds appeared ahead, and my friend in front shut off his engine and landed in a paddock near them. I guessed he wanted to replenish his water supply, as I had long ago finished mine. So I landed too, and we walked over to the largest shed, which proved to be a store. I asked "How much farther is it to Anthony Lagoon?" and he said "This is it." I had expected quite a large town from the size of the letters on the map.

It is really a cattle station with a population, including the policeman, of six or seven people, headed by Douglas

Cotton and Joe Wilson, who were our genial and generous hosts.

At 5.45 next morning we bade our friends goodbye. Still following the track, over brown earth flat as a pancake, we had Camooweal, a small town, as our destination for breakfast. Though the day was early the heat was so great when we reached its white-roofed, pale-brown buildings that a cold breakfast with cold drinks was most acceptable.

Following Railways and Rivers

Our course now was over rugged and mountainous tracts, but there are prepared landing-grounds here and there.

We followed the railway down to Clencurry and stayed there the rest of the day and a night, learning more about the real hardy Australians of the small towns, and finding them extraordinarily kind-hearted and sincere.

Following now rivers and now railways, with the towns growing larger as we drew away from the innermost interior, we reached Charleville by way of Winton and Longreach. From Darwin to Charleville the hotel accommodation was not luxurious, but at Charleville it became all that could be desired. On reaching Brisbane it was astonishing to see the thousands around the aerodrome showing their enthusiasm for aviation.

The Thrill of the Flight

At Brisbane I had the greatest thrill of the whole flight. Just before we were turning in for the night a number of us were talking in the lounge of our hotel when the call boy said I was wanted on the telephone. I picked up the receiver and said "Hullo? Another Hullo! came back immediately, and I could hardly believe my ears, for I was speaking to my wife at Thorpe Bay in Essex. Some kind man, quite unknown to me, had put through the call and had given instructions that his name should not be divulged. How I would have liked to thank him! It was marvellous.

The flight to Sydney was continued by Southport, a beautiful spot with glorious surfing and a splendid beach, to Lismore. Here, after lunch, we filled up and the escorting machine took off. I taxied out, took off, waved a farewell to the people on the aerodrome, and had just passed the boundary of the aerodrome and was at about 80 feet when my engine spluttered, stopped, and crashed a complete wreck. All I suffered was a shaking and a cut on one finger. The escorting machine, seeing the trouble, landed at once. Nothing could be done. The Lismore people were kind enough to deal with the wreck, and I continued with the pilot of the escorting machine.

Thanks For a Splendid Time

Forty miles from Sydney we saw ahead a host of black specks in the sky which we made out to be aeroplanes. They had come out to meet us. I felt terribly sorry that I had not my own machine to land, but my luck was out and it was no use crying over spilled milk.

Our journey of nearly 3000 miles from Port Darwin and my journey of 14,000 miles from London were over.

May I, through the C.N., once more thank especially Flying-Officer Harold Owens and Mr Green, who escorted me from Port Darwin? They had flown 6000 miles on my behalf in the Golden Shell aeroplane.

Also I would thank all who gave me such a splendid time throughout my journey across Australia.

120 LADS HAVE A GOOD WEEK

The Miner's Camp

YOUTH GATHERS ROUND THE YOUTH MONUMENT

At the village of St Athans, near Barry in South Wales, 120 lads, of from 14 to 18, for one week in the year are allowed to enjoy life to the full.

Here, some 30 miles or so from the dread Rhondda Valley, with its black misery and awful hopelessness, is the Miner's Welfare Camp promoted by the Ocean Coal Company of Treorchy. Its funds are gained from a penny levy on each ton of coal sold, and both trade union leaders and employers are actively interested in it.

For twenty weeks during the summer months lads from the Welsh mining districts go to the camp for a glorious communal holiday. Each week 120 young miners are drawn from the villages, paying 2s 6d each, and sent to the camp by various regional committees. Although the only one of its kind in the mining area, the venture has proved such a success that temporary huts are being replaced by permanent buildings.

Beautiful Swimming-Pool

The whole camp is beautifully laid out with flower-edged paths and wide lawns. Ranged in square formation round the green are commodious dining-rooms, well-equipped bathrooms, games hall, theatre, and dormitories. In the centre is a beautiful swimming-pool.

From 8 o'clock in the morning there is a busy and merry day in front of the 120 guests. Breakfast is taken in the huge dining-room, boys, staff, and wardens taking their meal together. The fare is simple but ample. After breakfast some of the boys stroll round the grounds, while others will gather in the games hall and spend the next hour or two in organised games, which give them alertness and improve their physique. The swimming-pool is a great attraction.

When Night Descends

After midday dinner the warden gives a talk on some subject of common interest. There will be walks to the surrounding beauty spots for some; others will buy little souvenirs and picture postcards at the buffet and spend a laborious hour writing to their friends.

Very soon the tea bell rings. There are more games, and toward the close of the evening all the boys assemble in the theatre.

Each night there is a kinema show, a concert, or some other entertainment devised by the warden.

In the main walk of the camp is a single stone monument containing a lamp. When the night descends the lamp burns red and bright, and does not go out till dawn. Engraved on the stone are the words "To the youth of all nations who fought to save the world from war."

It is good that Youth should gather round this monument to Youth, but there is need of a hundred such camps in Wales today.

HE THOUGHT IT WOULD HAPPEN

This is a true story.

Some people were going away, and had a great deal of luggage, which was at length packed into a taxi, a bicycle being put on the roof.

Then, as the taxi drew across the road to turn round, there was a frightful noise, and the car stopped.

Out leaped the travellers, to see the road strewn with the relics of the engine. Everything had dropped out.

The taximan's comment was: "I thought that would happen soon."

SATURN NEAR THE EARTH

Why He Comes Nearer Each Year

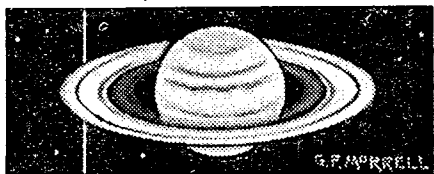
THE AMAZING RINGS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Saturn will be at his nearest to us on Sunday next, July 24, about 832,200,000 miles away.

He is not quite so bright as when he was at his nearest two or three years ago. His magnificent Ring System is gradually closing up, as seen from our point of view; thus less sunlight is reflected from Saturn as a whole.

This loss is, however, partly counter-balanced by the fact that Saturn is slowly approaching his perihelion, or the



Saturn and some of his moons, showing the extent to which his Rings are now open

nearest point of his orbit to the Sun. This brings him about three million miles nearer to us each year.

It is Saturn's enormous distance which makes him appear so relatively insignificant compared with Mars or Venus when they are at their nearest; for Saturn is actually about 800 times the size of Venus, and did he come as near as Venus recently came we should see the globe of Saturn with the naked eye appearing about one quarter the width that the Moon appears, while his Rings would extend to nearly three-quarters the width.

What a charming and interesting picture Saturn would then present to our gaze in the evening sky! As it is a telescope has to be used to see him when he appears as shown in the accompanying picture.

If this be compared with pictures of Saturn which have appeared in the C.N. during the last three years it will be seen that the Rings do not now reach so far above or below the planet's centre. This is because the line of perspective gradually changes, owing to the orbit of Saturn being tilted at a slightly different angle to the orbit of the Earth.

We are, as it were, in a celestial swing, the Earth lifting us so above the orbit of Saturn that we really look down upon the planet and upon the north or upper side of the Rings though we fancy that we are looking up at Saturn as we stand on the Earth, but this is merely relative to the horizon of where we happen to be.

A Glorious Scene

Our swing, however, is now falling relative to Saturn, and so the Rings appear narrower each year and will continue to do so for the next ten years.

Being less than 100 miles in thickness accounts for them appearing to vanish as seen in all but the most powerful telescopes.

When we consider Saturn's immensity, some 734 times that of the Earth, and the amazing wonders of his astonishing family of moons and moonlets, myriads of them actually constituting these marvellous Rings, it may seem incredible that all this can be where there appears but a star; yet the whole of this glorious scene is only about 18 months journey from us, this being the time our Earth would take at the speed with which she is taking us round the Sun.

So were she to change her course and head direct for Saturn, or rather the region of space where Saturn and all his grand assemblage will be in eighteen months time, then in all probability, according to the physical laws, our world would become a moon revolving around Saturn.

G. F. M.

A PARTICULARLY SPECIAL LADY

By Our Town Girl

In a country far from England, where a colony of English were collected together, there was an elderly lady whose husband was a British Government official. We hope that if she should see these words she will forgive the writer.

Well, there was nothing very particularly special about this lady on first acquaintance, unless one could call being kind and cheerful and full of humour in a bad climate particularly special. Not really, we think, because many folk are these things to a certain degree, and often all the more so when all have to live in the same trying climate.

And it was some little time before anyone in the colony thought of mentioning one really particularly special thing about this lady to the writer (who was there on a visit).

Suddenly, when it was mentioned, the cheerfulness of the lady took on an extra meaning. Her humour was watched with a subtle interest; all her characteristics seemed doubly worth study. How many of these traits had been inherited? And why was all this so interesting?

The Thrilling Fact

Well, because (this was the thrilling little fact that had been whispered to a thrilled listener) the lady was a grand-daughter of Charles Dickens. She remembered him. At the age of four she had climbed on to his knees, had put her little face against that well-known face, and had been sheltered in his arms while he told her stories. Probably they were about little pigs going to market; but we would like to have heard them as she did.

As the little elderly lady went on her way in that far-off country where mosquitoes are, and noisy frogs and fireflies and damp jungle, she was, we are quite sure, unaware that around her suddenly a little halo seemed to have been lighted, though maybe of chiefly reflected light. And, even though it may have been but the mere imagination of the observer, this observer now felt that the laughter she always discovered in the heart of things, the understanding and the hospitality she practised, were precious heirlooms from her romantic heritage.

And then, again, it may not have been; it may have been just herself.

AN ORDER FROM THE HOME SECRETARY

The Home Secretary has taken action to protect the welfare of workers employed in works making bricks, tiles, cement blocks, and similar articles.

He is able to do this under an Act of Parliament, one of the interesting cases in which Parliament provides a minister with general powers. If it did not do so it would be very difficult to deal with such cases as this.

The draft order provides for cloak-rooms, mess-rooms, washing facilities, shelters for kiln-workers working at night, an adequate supply of good drinking-water, and arrangements for first-aid in injury.

The order seems excellent, but it is surprising that it should be necessary at our time of day to compel any employer to make such obviously necessary arrangements.

A BOOK OF STAMPS

Stamp Collecting, by Stanley Phillips. (Sampson Low, 6s.)

The reader is not long in realising that the writer of this book thoroughly knows his subject.

That stamp collecting is an interesting hobby is obvious from its widespread popularity, and Mr Phillips's book makes clear why it is such an absorbing subject. The enthusiastic collector will find in the book much that he already knows and a great deal more that he will like to know.

L. N. P.

Boys and Girls at Geneva

For months Pioneers of many nations have been counting the days until the opening of the Junior League of Nations Summer School at Geneva.

It is being held from July 29 for ten days, and boy and girl representatives of most of the principal countries of the world will be present.

The work of the L.N.P. should receive a big push forward, for a number of lasting friendships are sure to be made. Then when the youthful delegates return they will stir up much enthusiasm by telling the other children in their schools what they have seen. The headmaster of Rugby School is to be Warden of the hostel for boys in Geneva.

There will be no dull boys at the school, for the programme is by no means all work and no play. Sightseeing in the town and excursions to places of interest will be some of the recreations. Summer school students will have the opportunity not only of visiting the Palais des Nations and the I.L.O., but of hearing about the League's work from leading members of the Secretariat.

Members of some of the most enthusiastic L.N.P. branches have clubbed together to send one of their number, chosen by themselves, to the Geneva Summer School.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.



The L.N.P. Badge

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. Office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

A MAN AND HIS MONEY

At Pompeii they have made a fresh discovery. As briefly stated in our World Map last week it is the skeleton of a man grasping a bag of money. Professor Maiuri has just found him in the House of Menander.

He was found lying among gardening implements, and so it is believed that he was a slave who worked as a gardener before the volcano buried the gay town of Pompeii in boiling lava and red-hot ash more than 1800 years ago.

He had saved 100 coins, two of gold and 72 of silver, while the rest were bronze. No doubt he hid them in the place where the garden tools were kept.

Many people were overtaken by the ash and lava before they could escape, but others, we know, did save their lives by flight.

Might this man have been saved if he had not gone back for his money?

WHO WAS JOHN HUNTER?

Born Lanarkshire, 1728. Died London, 1793.

Destined to become the founder of modern scientific surgery, Hunter wasted his youth, and never quite made good the opportunities neglected. Spelling and grammar were always too much for him, yet he was the instructor of the great surgeons who were to follow him. He disregarded books, and studied instead men, animals, and plants.

His discoveries were of the greatest importance to the science of which he became the chief exponent. All the money which he could spare he devoted to the collection of specimens which, when catalogued years later by Owen, formed a priceless possession to comparative anatomists. Hunter's wife was the author of My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair, and other popular poems.

Among his pupils were Jenner, Astley Cooper, and Abernethy. William Hunter, another great surgeon, was his brother, and gave his more famous junior his first insight into surgery.



I like this - it's delicious

CHILDREN love cold "Ovaltine" during the summer months. And they particularly need the abundant nourishment it supplies. With more time to play they use up their energy more freely than ever. And the light summer foods which the children prefer contain insufficient nourishment to create new energy.

Cold "Ovaltine" is brimful of the nourishment that re-creates energy and it makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. It is made from specially prepared malt extract, fresh, liquid milk, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms. These ingredients are combined in scientific proportions to produce a complete and perfect food that is easy of assimilation.

The quality and proportions of the ingredients—the scientific process of manufacture—the ease of digestion and the help it gives to extract more nourishment from other foods—these important facts give "Ovaltine" its supreme value. It contains no added sugar and must not be compared with combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of added sugar.

This delicious beverage is easily prepared by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water and mixing for a minute with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

OVALTINE
Served **COLD**

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin

F830

Uncle joins the family



Uncle never was a "cereal-man" until John introduced him to the new "twice-crisped" Puffed Wheat. After trying it once, he firmly determined that he'd never miss a Puffed Wheat breakfast in future.



Auntie prefers Puffed Rice. She thinks it's good, not only for herself but for her children also. Never before has such delicious crispness been combined with such easy digestibility, she says.

* * * *

Uncles and Aunts are just as enthusiastic as Nephews and Nieces over the tempting flavour of Quaker Puffed grains, now "twice-crisped" to a delicious crunchiness. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, both ready to serve, are as dainty and crisp as when they were "puffed."

Puffed Wheat contains all the nutriment of the whole wheat grain puffed to complete digestibility. Puffed Rice is selected rice in its most nourishing and delightful form.



★ This is the new "Seal Krisp" packet, which prevents any damp or variations in temperature affecting the contents. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made extra crisp by the new "twice-crisping" process, and the new packet keeps them so.

PUFFED RICE

ALSO

PUFFED WHEAT

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

JAM TODAY AND JAM TOMORROW

No More Fruit To Be Thrown Away

Everyone goes on saying, and we know it is true, that there are plenty of things in the world to provide us with all we need; the source of the trouble is that they are not rightly distributed.

The Economic Conservation Committee of San Francisco has at last begun to do something about it—a most hopeful sign.

One of the blots on our civilisation is the destruction of food to keep prices high while some people go hungry. The Californian scheme points the way to putting an end to this shameful and cruel waste.

Big Canning Factories

Instead of throwing away the surplus apricots, peaches, oranges, apples, and plums the Conservation Committee arranges for the big canning factories to make them into marmalade or jam. This jam, in large tins, without fancy labels, is then sold at the mere cost of the labour for making it to people who could not otherwise afford it. Charitable institutions, Relief Committees, and others having to do with the feeding of those in distress are buying this jam. In this way the canning employees are kept at work and the poor have a more appetising diet.

But the Conservation Committee has gone farther. It has thought of a plan for a fund to be opened in every community with which this sort of cost-price merchandise could be bought for distribution to the unemployed. The food would not be given away, it would be sold at cost price on long-term credit to families in need. Few people, the Committee thinks, want charity if some way can be worked out to tide them over hard times.

Goodwill and Good Business

Families of unemployed persons who receive this food will run up a bill, which will be considered a loan and interest charged on it. But there will be no call to repay the loan until thirty days after full-time steady work has been found, when it may be repaid in small sums at a time.

In this way the whole scheme is on clear-cut business principles, and the public-spirited people who contribute to make up the original fund will all get their money back as soon as business begins again in a more normal way.

Goodwill must go far toward opening a way out of all our difficulties, but if goodwill and good business can walk hand in hand the advance will be rapid and sure.

We like to think of the old men and women in the County Homes for the Aged Poor in California having a dish of jam with their breakfast.

\$10 PRIZE FOR WITCHES

A prize of ten pounds is being offered to any witch who can eat a papaw from a distance, remove an object from a locked box, or change anybody into a fish, bird, or beast.

The offer is being made by the Christian Council of the Missions of West Africa, in the hope of showing the people that the secret society of the African witches can work no harm on anyone. The Bishop of Accra said the other day that, in answer to the challenge, only one wizard had come forward, and he had offered to kill a man forty miles away!

The bishop hopes the offer will be put to the test.

The C.N. offers £10,000 to any motorist who can prove that his mascot will prevent an accident.

THREE-YEAR-OLD

A Talk on the Beach

By a Friend of Ours

One of our hard-working friends in the North Country, having found a sunny, peaceful spot in which to spend a few hours holiday on Saltburn beach, found his plans frustrated by a Three-year-old. He sends us this delightful account of what followed.

Before I had settled down five minutes there was a toddling of feet down the steps and an untidy little boy of about three snuggled in beside me.

"I sit beside you," was all he said, but he gave me a satisfied smile.

"All right, sonny," I replied as I made a little more room for him. What else could I say? He had stormed my castle with a smile.

Then he began to talk, or rather to ask questions. Had I a motor-car? No; I hadn't a motor-car. Had I a bike? No; I hadn't a bicycle. Had I a kooter? No; I hadn't a scooter. Then came the poser: What have you?

"Well," said I, "I've got legs."

He patted my legs. "Nice legs," he said, and I felt absurdly proud.

A Relentless Questioner

Then the questions began again. Had I a gwamfone? No; I hadn't a gramophone. Had I a wireless? No; I hadn't a wireless. Again came the home thrust: What have you?

"Well," said I, "I've got a voice, and I can sing." How glad I was my friends were not there to hear me.

So I sang a stave or two. The child did not ask for more. But he laughed and clapped his hands, which, perhaps, meant encore, though I pretended not to notice it.

But the questions were by no means finished.

Had I got a mother? I had to say a sad No to that, and the relentless questioner went on. Had I got a father? No; I hadn't got a father. "What have you?" came the now expected refrain.

"Well," said I, exulting at last, "I am a father, and I have a boy." "A little boy?" "No; he used to be a little boy like you, but he's quite a big boy now."

"I'm a big boy, aren't I?"

"Well, yes, I dare say you are bigger than you used to be."

Let Us Plodge

Then a bright idea struck him and he switched on to another kind of question.

"Does you plodge?" Thank goodness I knew the North Country word for wade. I had said No so often that there was only one answer I dared give to this question. "Yes, I do plodge, sometimes."

"Tum on, let's plodge. Take my sippers off." He didn't say please, but he smiled sweetly.

I took his slippers off. He waited until my shoes were unlaced and my socks were removed, and off we went to paddle in the shallow water of the incoming tide.

The Thanks of a Boy

Soon there were three of us, with the big one in the middle. What a time we had—without motors, cycles, scooters, gramophones, wireless, swings, roundabouts, ice-cream, Punch and Judy shows, and pictures—just ourselves as God had made us, in His own wonderful world.

If Three-Year-Old had been three or four times three I would have taught him, as I put his slippers on again, Canon Beeching's fine boy's prayer:

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him.
Take the thanks of a boy.

A LITTLE ARMY OF KIND HEARTS

Wonderful Aunt Who May Come To Town

A wonderful aunt may be coming to town, we hear, and the C.N. will welcome her.

She is a great many aunts in one, one aunt in several persons. Her title is the Voluntary Unofficial Aunts, and her home has been described as a Clearing House of Kindness.

About two years ago Mrs Hardy of West Didsbury, Manchester, started calling together women of leisure and kindness who would be willing to give to families in need just the help a good, unselfish aunt can give. She made it quite clear that the help should really be voluntary and unpaid, that money had nothing to do with her scheme.

Mrs Hardy has now about 150 aunts on her register, and they keep an eye on over 200 cases. This is in Manchester alone. Other branches have been formed in Bristol and Clevedon.

It is not suggested that the Voluntary Aunts should take on regular domestic labour and trained nursing. What they do is to take over the kitchen or the children or the invalid for a few hours, so that people who otherwise would have no liberty may go out for a spell of sunshine or an evening's amusement.

For Those Who Have Cars

It happens in more cases than we are aware that, owing to home ties, married people can never go out together, that women can never get to church because of the children or cooking. And there are a great many lonely, ill folk in the world who would be glad of a smiling aunt to visit them and bring news of the outside, and leave a little inspiration and cheer.

This is the kind of work the Voluntary Unofficial Aunts have set out to do. Those who have cars can take children to hospital, give invalids an airing; those with clever fingers can remake and mend garments sent by would-be aunts who are too busy to give their time to others.

It is a charming idea, and we welcome the suggestion of Mrs Hardy that anyone interested in starting a London branch should write to her at 7, Darley Avenue, West Didsbury, Manchester.

A HORSE'S NATURAL DEFENCE

Who Will Stop This Cruelty?

By Sir Herbert Maxwell

Writing to the Military Secretary from headquarters at Freneda on November 6, 1811, Wellington expressed approval of the short docked tails of the British cavalry as usefully distinguishing them from the long-tailed French horse.

That form of mutilation may be considered justifiable in military operations of that period; but what can be said in defence of inflicting it upon horses in domestic, agricultural, or other employment at the present day?

During the long spell of brilliant weather we have enjoyed of late it has been most distressing to witness the misery to which horses, when turned out to grass with docked tails, are exposed through the torment of flies swarming on their flanks and backs.

Those who pass the summer in large towns or seaside resorts may not realise the suffering caused by the removal of a horse's natural means of defence, but it is painfully evident to us country dwellers; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the R.S.P.C.A. will add to the splendid service they have already rendered to the lower animals by persuading the Legislature to prohibit the docking of horses tails.

THE SEEKERS

Serial Story by
Martin Cobb

What Has Happened Before

Jerry Richardson is spending a holiday with his uncle, a famous archaeologist, who is excavating ruins in Mesopotamia.

CHAPTER 5

Keith Takes Charge

JERRY, digging feverishly at the wall of earth that stood in the palace of the astrologer Prince Nebu, was interrupted by his friend Keith Foster, who came running down the trench with his hair more than usually on end.

"Thieves were here last night," he cried. "They have stolen some mud-brick tablets!"

"Bother the mud-brick tablets!" returned Jerry. "Do you know what I am doing? I'm digging into the treasure of the Sumerian Prince Nebu!"

"Bother his treasury!" cried Keith in turn, seizing Jerry's busy pick and forcing him to listen. "Do you know what the thieves have taken? They've picked out all the most important of our bricks—those I was sorting from the others last night, the ones with the mysterious writing on them."

Jerry stared at his friend, interested in spite of himself, for he remembered the attack on the ship.

"But why should they choose just those particular bricks? It must have been accidental."

"I only hope it was," said Keith despondently, "for in that case they may discard them. There's a certain market for bricks carrying authentic Sumerian inscriptions, but no one knows how to read this other language."

"Uncle hoped the key to it would be found on those bits of pottery that I brought down from Sir Jasper Green."

"Yes, we all hoped that," said Keith. "It's maddening to have what might have turned out to be an important discovery snatched from under our noses like that. We'd had no time to copy the inscriptions on the bricks, and now that they're gone we're as much in the dark as ever. Your uncle will be terribly disappointed."

"I'm afraid he will," said Jerry abstractedly, for he was thinking hard. "Look here, Keith," he said at last, "I must tell you a curious thing that happened to me just before we docked at Port Said. I was attacked and chloroformed in the night, and my cabin ransacked."

"Somebody after your wallet?"

"They didn't touch my wallet, though it was lying full of notes on the table. In fact, they didn't take anything at all. I think they were after the key to the mysterious language. They didn't find it because it was hidden in too obvious a place—namely, in my sun helmet that lay in the rack above my head."

"Sounds improbable," remarked Keith. "How should anyone know anything about this secret language. And what good would it be to burglars?"

"That's what puzzles me. I'm certain, though, they weren't ordinary burglars, or they would have taken my wallet."

"Do you know," said Keith earnestly, after a moment's thought, "I'm inclined to believe there is a connection between the two thefts. What beats me is why on earth anyone should want to steal some bits of pottery and some indecipherable mud-brick tablets."

"A rival scientist?" suggested Jerry.

"Rot! Your uncle would be only too pleased to share the find with anyone who would be interested."

"Anyhow," said Jerry, turning again to his digging, "the moral of the whole business seems to be to guard those bits of pottery like the apple of one's eye. Without them our friends won't be able to make much use of the stolen tablets."

"Where are they?" asked Keith.

"I gave them to Uncle."

Without another word Keith set off on a run toward Sir William's tent. He found the archaeologist at breakfast.

"Where's that nephew of mine?" He greeted Keith genially. "I'm beginning to have great hopes of him. A boy must be pretty keen on archaeology if it takes him out of bed in the early dawn."

"Jerry's all right, sir. He's doing a bit of digging on his own," replied Keith. "But I'm afraid I bring rather bad news, sir."

Sir William rinsed out a tin cup and reached for the coffee-pot.

"Sit down and have some breakfast while you tell me about it," he said. "I think

you can find a seat on that packing-case. Sugar?"

"Yes, please," said Keith despondently, as he sat. "Thieves were in the diggings last night, sir."

"Yes, Jerry told me he had a glimpse of unauthorised visitors in the trenches," returned Sir William placidly. "No doubt some avaricious workmen. I'll have them up today. We can't allow them to prowl about at night—although you know as well as I do that we've discovered nothing so far that an ignorant workman would care to steal."

"What about the mud-brick tablets, sir?"

"You don't mean to say someone has taken those?" cried the scientist. "What have they taken?"

"They've chosen only the bricks inscribed in the unknown language, sir."

"What! That certainly looks as if there were a master mind behind the theft." Sir William scratched his bald head in perplexity.

"Have you the bits of pottery safe, sir, the ones Jerry brought from England?"

"Yes, there they are." The archaeologist indicated a box laid carelessly on one that served him as a dressing-table. "But I fear they are not much use to us without the tablets."

"They'd be of use to the thieves," remarked Keith, noting with a sigh of relief that this theft at least had not yet been accomplished. "They may be waiting only until you leave the tent. Will you allow me to take charge of them, sir? I'll guard them carefully."

Sir William nodded and got up from the table with a perturbed air. "I don't understand this affair, but one theft leads to another. I don't like it at all."

Neither did Keith like it. He had set his heart on deciphering the mysterious secret language of the astrologer prince. He thought, as he took the bits of broken pottery from their box, and, fitting them one inside the other, pinned them carefully inside his loose shirt, that they had not yet seen the end of this mysterious affair.

He strolled back toward the diggings, thinking deeply. Suddenly he was aware of a figure gesticulating frantically. It was Jerry. "Keith! Come here! I've found something!"

CHAPTER 6

The Buried Treasure

KEITH broke into a run and soon arrived, out of breath, on the top of the mound. Jerry was standing near the edge of the trench, keeping a wary eye on the place below where he had left his pick.

"Keith," said Jerry, beside himself with excitement, "I had an idea old Nebu must have had his treasury about here, and I think I've found it!"

The two boys scrambled hastily down the side of the trench.

There was a dark stain in the earth, which the experienced eyes of Keith recognised as decayed wood. Just above it was a smooth round of gold projecting from the wall of the trench.

"Good boy," said Keith approvingly, "to resist digging it all the way out. Now we'll know its exact position—which may be important."

"What do you think it is?" said Jerry.

"Looks like old Nebu's treasure chest," returned Keith, to his friend's intense delight. "You see the wood has decayed. There may be a lot here."

Keith took a whistle from his pocket and blew it twice.

"That's the breakfast whistle," he explained. "It's not quite time for the men's recess yet, but I want to get rid of them."

Jerry nodded comprehendingly. From the other trenches came the sound of picks and spades being thrown down as the men went off to breakfast.

"I'll go and explain to your uncle," said Keith. "Just hang this over the gold in case someone comes this way."

He handed Jerry an extremely earth-stained handkerchief and ran off.

A few moments later Sir William came running, Keith behind him.

"What's this I hear, boy?" he said eagerly. "Have you found something at last?"

"I don't know what it will come to, sir," said Jerry, trying to keep his excitement modestly under, "but certainly there is a bit of gold sticking out of the earth wall here."

Keith had brought with him brushes, a small curved knife, and other small instruments intended for delicate ex-

Continued on the next page

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Garland C.N.

cavations, and the three went breathlessly to work, digging carefully round the dark stain which showed where the original chest had stood.

In a few moments the first object was uncovered: an exquisite little scent bottle of pure gold.

"Does this belong to me, sir, as I found it?" asked Jerry. "You see, last night Keith found this ring and gave it to me. I'd like to give him this."

"I imagine it can be arranged," said Sir William, smiling. "There is a courteous understanding by which archaeologists are allowed to choose a few little things to keep as their own property, while the bulk of their finds are lodged in museums. But don't think you can carry off very much of what this chest may prove to contain. Look here! I think I've come upon some copper."

A flat, greenish object came into view under the scientist's careful knife. It proved to be the clasp of the chest.

"This is useful in giving us a direction. We'll work backward from this."

The three worked on breathlessly, stopping every now and then to exclaim with wonder over the treasures that emerged slowly from the earth. The heap of metal objects at their feet grew. There were great copper and silver dishes; there were necklaces of onyx, sard, turquoise, lapis lazuli, crystal; there were bowls and vases of painted and inscribed pottery which Jerry was inclined to think of less account, but which held the excited attention of his uncle and Keith.

At last they unearthed a vase of thin, white stone covered with incised characters. A dark stain in the earth about it showed that it had once been wrapped in many folds of cloth. When he was able to examine it Keith fell to his knees on the earth beside it in high excitement.

"The mysterious language again," he cried, pointing to the inscription. "I say, we'll have to guard this for our lives!"

Besides the characters cut in the stone there were painted signs over the top of the jar, which was sealed. Even Jerry could see that these painted characters were different from those incised. His uncle was examining them with close attention.

Continued in the last column

JACKO IN A HURRY

JACKO was not at all pleased to hear that his uncle was coming to spend a few days with the family. Especially as he was expected to give up his bedroom to the visitor.

Mother Jacko saw the frown on his face. "I'm going to fix up a nice little bed in the attic for you," she said. "There's lots of room, and it's high

devoted the whole day to chasing the dust and cobwebs.

But when Uncle had duly arrived and bedtime came he darted upstairs, beaming with pleasant anticipation.

The first two boxes he opened were a disappointment: nothing but old books and papers. But the third looked more promising.



He started up in alarm

time we got rid of those old boxes," she added.

Jacko cheered up.

"What's in them?" he asked.

"Mostly rubbish, dear," replied Mother Jacko.

"Bank-notes or gold sovereigns, perhaps," murmured Jacko. "I'll give you a hand, Mater!" he cried, and upstairs he went, three steps at a time.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, glancing round the room. "It'll take a bit of doing to clear all this junk away!"

His mother thought so too when she started on it.

Jacko behaved splendidly. Although he was aching to get at the boxes he

He dragged it across the floor to get at it more easily, and noticed that in the middle of the place where it had stood was a big brass ring

"Trap-door!" pronounced Jacko.

He pulled at it with all his might. Up it came with a jerk, leaving an open gap in the floor.

Jacko bent down, and found himself staring into his own bedroom!

"Of course! What a silly juggins I am!" he thought. "And there's Uncle in my bed. Hallo, Uncle!" he cried.

His uncle started up in alarm.

The next moment he fell heavily back—with the full weight of Jacko on his chest.

"This is ordinary Sumerian," he said, pointing to the paint, still fresh-looking on the white surface. "The other characters are certainly not. I'll have to study it at more leisure, but if I am not mistaken these painted characters pronounce a curse on any unauthorised person who may venture to break this seal!"

"Br-r-r! Old Nebu again!" remarked Jerry, who was naturally in high spirits. Suddenly, the three heard the sound of approaching workmen.

"Get to the two ends of the trench, boys," cried Sir William. "I'll stay here by the treasure. Don't let anyone pass!"

Sir William tore off his coat to throw over the little heap of precious objects, and the boys, pausing only long enough to follow his example, ran to guard the entrances to the trench. Keith had run to the end at which the approaching voices had been heard. Five resolute-looking natives soon appeared before him.

"We're finish," said one of them, apparently spokesman for the rest. "We no work no more. We all go now."

"But you can't leave like this," protested Keith, glancing over his shoulder at Sir William. But the archaeologist, who had seen some dark heads peering over the top of the trench above him, remained doggedly beside the treasure.

"Go to my tent," he ordered. "All of you. I'll talk with you there."

The workmen hesitated, peering curiously over one another's shoulders at the covered heap on the ground, but, at a word from someone who seemed to have authority, they moved reluctantly off in the direction of the camp.

"They've got us," said Sir William. "For some reason they mean to have the diggings to themselves. They're trying to drive us away, and I'm afraid they'll succeed. We're only three Englishmen, and there must be forty natives."

"But why? You're paying them good wages," cried Jerry.

"Someone, I imagine, has offered them better wages. Someone wants these diggings to himself for a while. He can't keep them long, of course, for the authorities will intervene as soon as we make our complaint."

TO BE CONTINUED

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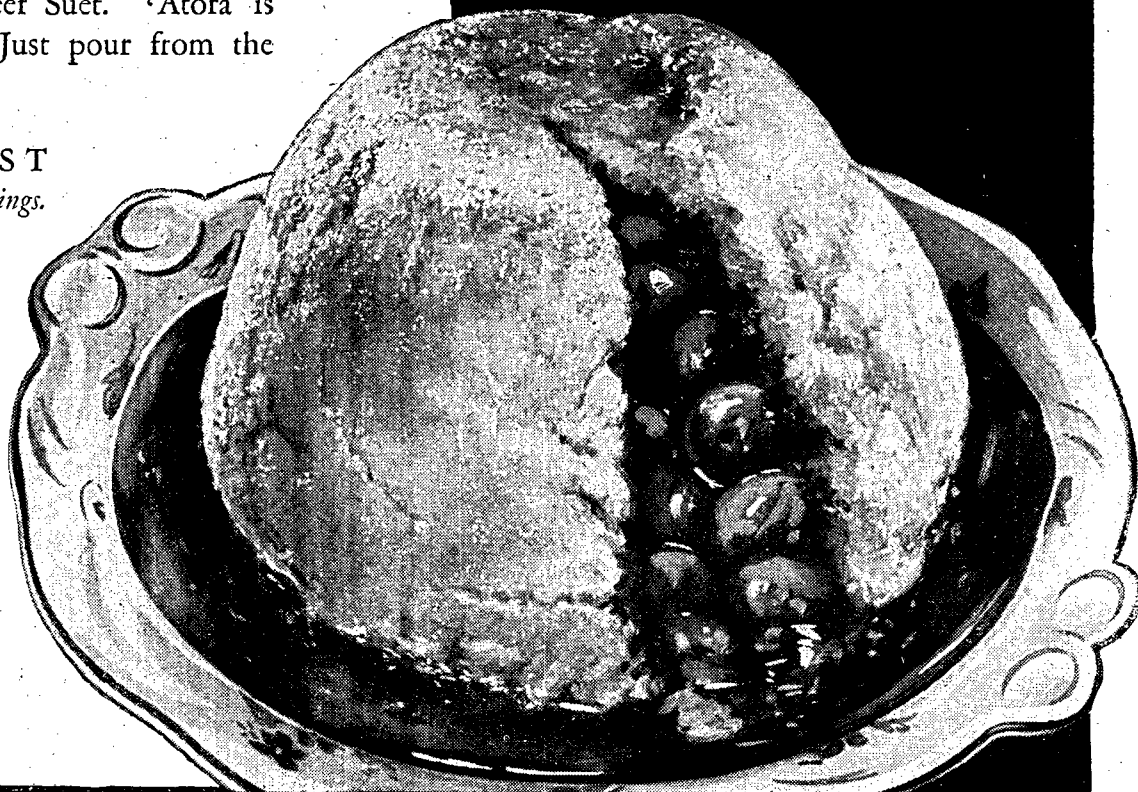
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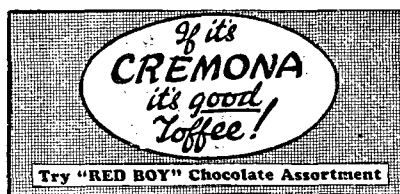
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 23, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Moving the Planks

A WORKMAN who was moving some wood came to three planks of equal length, width, thickness, and weight. He had to take the three planks to the same place but he could not carry all of them at the same time. He completed the task by making two journeys, yet on each occasion he carried equal weight.

How was this done?

Answer next week

A Picture Puzzle



THE names of these objects have four letters each. When they are placed in the right order the two middle letters of the words will spell the name of a fruit.

Answer next week

Up and Down

THERE is something which will go up a chimney down but will not go down a chimney up, or will go down a chimney down, but not up a pipe up, and yet when it has gone up a pipe or down a chimney will go up or down. It is an umbrella.

Ici On Parle Français



Le remède Le chasseur Le gui
Il prend ce remède sans difficulté.
Le chasseur ira chercher un taxi.
Le gui croît sur certains arbres.

All About a Pillar-Box

EVERY detail of a pillar-box fulfils a useful purpose, and this is how it was once described: The pillar-box is round, first, so that no letters shall stick in corners inside; secondly because a round box is stronger than a square one; and thirdly so that there shall be no corners for us to

run into. It has a slightly-domed, overhanging top to throw off the rain. It is painted red so that we may see it at a distance. It sticks out a little at the bottom so that if a nurse wheels a pram into it the rest of the box will not be damaged; and this bottom part is painted black so that splashes of mud, dirt, and kicks will not be noticed.

Behead and Curtail

MY first and my last are alike,
You will own;
My second and fourth are the same;
Of either my first or my fifth,
Be it known,
My third just its half will proclaim;
My whole is a compliment
Frequently paid
To ladies of every grade;
Behead me and then it is
Oftentimes said
I'm first of the kind ever made;
Curtil but this last, and then
Truly the name
Of a lady my letters convey;
Read backward and forward
I'm each way the same;
Now tell me this riddle, I pray.

Answer next week

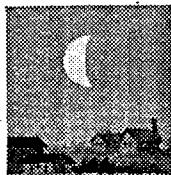
Early Days

Wellington. As a youth the Duke of Wellington, then plain Arthur Wellesley, was dull at lessons, hopeless at games, and, when sent to Brussels, idled away

his time. His brother Mornington called him "the biggest ass in Europe," and when a commission was bought for him in the army he quickly gained a reputation for horseplay, his favourite trick being to pull out the lace neckcloths of his friends.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning Saturn is in the South-West and Venus and Mars are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-East, Jupiter in the West, and Mercury in the North-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, July 26.



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Batting Average. Since his average rises or falls by the same amount 23 must be as much above it as 15 is below it. Hence his average is 19. By making 4 short of this he lowers it by one, so he has now played four innings and made four times 18, or 72 runs.

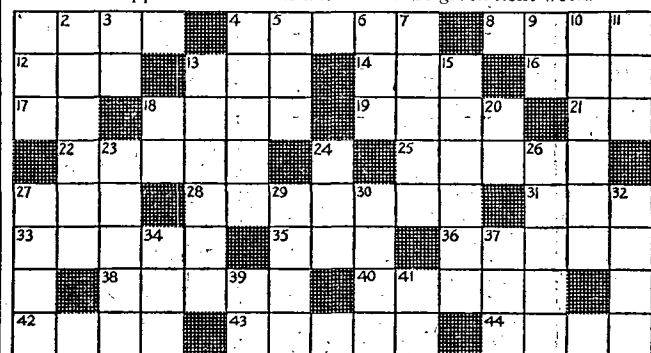
What Am I? The letter O.

A Charade. Cam-o-mile.

A Puzzle in Rhyme. There, here, ere.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Puts together. 4. Familiar wind instrument. 8. To make a hole. 12. Female deer. 13. Popular beverage. 14. Ancient. 16. To drive down. 17. Deputy-Lieutenant*. 18. Of the colour of ashes. 19. Vessel for carrying water. 21. Exists. 22. A kind of lemur. 25. Wants. 27. Organ of hearing. 28. Pays regard. 31. Blood colour. 33. To broil on a gridiron. 35. Bustle. 36. To eat away. 38. A dye obtained from coal-tar products. 40. Alone. 42. A seasoning. 43. Great German steel centre. 44. To discern.

Reading Down. 1. To say further. 2. American coin. 3. French for of. 4. A banquet. 5. A ballad. 6. The summit. 7. A big antelope. 9. Heraldic term for gold. 10. Elevated. 11. River in Germany. 13. Tests. 15. Inventor of the heavy-oil engine. 18. Symbol for the King. 20. French for the. 23. A bay window. 24. Directed. 26. Refuse. 27. Given by hens. 29. Becomes sunburned. 30. Organ of smell. 32. Repudiate. 34. Many. 37. To regret. 39. That is*. 41. Above and touching.

Dr MERRYMAN

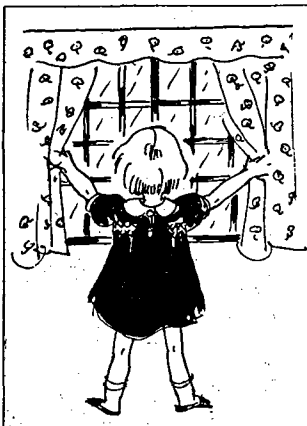
Friends Now

SMITHKINS walked into the office late again.

"Why don't you use your alarm clock?" asked the Chief.

"I do, sir," replied Smithkins, "but I no longer find it alarming."

Cats and Dogs



It's starting to rain all over again (Says Jemima Jane at the window pane).

I'm always so sorry for mice and rats
Whenever it's pouring dogs and cats.

Put in His Place

A PROUD young horseman passed an old man riding a donkey. "How goes the ass, Father?" called the haughty one. "On horseback, my boy, on horseback," replied the old man.

He's Not Trying

I NEVER could understand (said Sleepy Sam) why a fellow should work himself to death to get a living.

Fast Enough For Him

JONES had missed his usual train, although he had tried hard to catch it. "You didn't run fast enough," playfully remarked Smith. "I most decidedly did," replied Jones, still panting. "The trouble was that I didn't start early enough."

Prepared

SNIP: Why haven't you returned my umbrella?
Snap: Father told me to put something by for a rainy day.

Heavy

JACK: Do you know how to find out the weight of an elephant?
Bill: No.
Jack: Place your toe under its foot!

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

Is it not strange that, while Europe staggers on the Road to Ruin for want of a strong man to lead it, Turkey, the outcast nation of Europe at the end of the war, has found her strong man and transformed herself into a modern State? Read all about this wonderful thing that has happened to Turkey in the new number of My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere. Here are some of the other articles in this splendid issue:

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A Run Through a Wild Beast Country

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Address.....

(in Block Letters).....

C.N.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MOLLIE was terribly worried about the kitten. It turned up, small and mewing, one late spring evening, walking delicately along the Sanders's wall to the kitchen. What could Mollie do but give it a little milk? It purred loudly and drank it fast. It had evidently been somebody's pet. It stayed the night because there was a sharp frost, and Mollie couldn't turn out the soft sleeping ball that had curled itself up so confidently on the hearthrug.

In the morning when she woke there was a soft scratching at her door—and there was the tiny kitten trying to come in.

Up she jumped on Mollie's blue eiderdown, and she

looked just as if she was asking to stay.

"But, of course, we must try to get her back home after breakfast," Mother said. "Take her up to the cottages, Mollie," for they lived below a row of council houses, and it seemed pretty certain that the kitten had strayed down the road from this quarter.

To every house Mollie went, with puss struggling in her arms. Some of the cottages seemed clean, some grubby, some of the inhabitants were kind, some cross. Nobody had seen the white kitten before.

"Oh, Mummy! Now perhaps we can keep her," she cried when she got home.

"You had better put Kitten Found on a notice and pin it on the gate," Mother advised.

So this was done. And the next day the postman, having read the notice, rang the bell.

"We've missed our kitten. Is your stray a black, with a long, thin body?" he said.

"Scratches and spits a lot?" "No, it's white, with a short fat body, very loving," answered Mollie. "I'll fetch her. She's asleep on the bed."

"It's no good fetching her," said the postman. "Mine's black, and that's a fact. I'll tell everybody, though, shall I, that you've a white pussy here wanting a home?"

"I suppose you'd better," said Mollie sadly. "Somebody may be grieving."

"The people up by the wood had a white kitten, I know," said the postman. "Went away, they did, a day

THE WHITE GUEST

or two ago, to France. Queer sort of folk they were, and left no address. Let me see the cat after all, Miss."

Mollie dashed upstairs with hope stirring in her heart. She loved the kitten so much: if only she might keep it!

"That's the very cat," declared the postman, staring at it. "One blue eye and one brown, that's how I recognise it. You can keep it for ever, if you like, for all they care. Yes (as the kitten blinked at him and stretched itself), they're jolly little things, and I only hope I shall find my own soon. I expect I shall. It often goes off for a few days."

"I'll remember to look for it on all my walks," Mollie promised him.